

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1926

No. 1097

FAME

Price 8 Cents

—AND— FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

EASTMAN & CO, STOCKS AND BONDS,
OR, THE TWIN BOY BROKERS OF WALL STREET.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



As the curtain parted and Nick and Dick advanced with outstretched hands to welcome their visitor, the stout gentleman started back with an ejaculation of astonishment and tripped over Billy Brown, who, with malicious intent, had slipped down behind him.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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Eastman & Co., Stocks and Bonds

OR, THE TWIN BOY BROKERS OF WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Twin Brokers.

"Eastman & Co., Stocks and Bonds. That's a new firm," remarked Broker VanDyke to Broker Fanning one morning, as they paused before an office door on the fourth floor of the Orion Building, Wall Street, that the day before had been a blank plate of frosted glass, but was now lettered as the trader stated.

"It's uncommonly new," said Fanning, "for I never heard of Mr. Eastman before. He isn't a member of the Stock Exchange, to my certain knowledge."

"Perhaps a new arrival from the provinces," chuckled VanDyke.

"Very likely. Or the cashier or head clerk of some trader who has opened up with a partner on the same lines as himself."

"As our offices are on this floor, we ought to learn the identity of our neighbor pretty soon," said VanDyke.

"I dare say we will," said Fanning.

As he spoke, a well-dressed, good-looking boy with an alert air, came along the corridor, stopped at the door of Eastman & Co., and put a key into the lock.

"I say, young man," said Fanning, "you are employed by Eastman & Co., I presume?"

"Hardly employed," replied the boy, with a smile. "I am a member of the firm."

"A member of the firm!" ejaculated the broker, almost incredulously.

"Yes; my name is Nicholas Eastman."

"Indeed, then you are the head of the firm?" said Fanning, with a touch of sarcasm in his tones.

"My brother, Dick Eastman, is equally head of the firm with me. We constitute Eastman & Co."

"Since you have introduced yourself, and we three here are neighbors, it is only fair we should introduce ourselves. My name is Fanning. My office is room 206. This is George VanDyke. His office is opposite mine around the corner, in the next corridor."

"I'm glad to know you, gentlemen, and hope we may become better acquainted. If you will drop in some time, it will give me great pleasure to introduce you to my brother."

"Thank you, Eastman. VanDyke and myself will probably avail ourselves of your invitation some day."

The brokers nodded and passed on toward the elevator, while Nicholas Eastman let himself into his office.

Everything in it, from the safe down, was brand new and shiny, which showed that the furniture and fixings had not long been out of the stores where Eastman & Co. had purchased them.

Nicholas Eastman, with an air of proprietorship, passed through a swinging gate in the railing, crossed the room and entered the private office, where he took possession of one of the desks, opened it, and began to study the latest market report. While he was thus employed, Brokers VanDyke and Fanning were going down in one of the elevators. When the cage reached the main floor, and they stepped out, they came face to face with an exact duplicate of Nicholas Eastman, whom they had left on the floor above. The two traders gasped, and stared at the young man as he stepped into the waiting elevator.

"Why, that's Eastman," ejaculated Fanning, his eyes bulging with surprise.

"No doubt about that," nodded VanDyke.

"How in thunder could he have got down here before us?"

"As it is scarcely possible that Nicholas Eastman could have preceded us down here, I opine that that young man is his brother Dick," said VanDyke.

"His brother Dick! Then they must be twins! Ye gods! What a likeness! I'll never be able to distinguish one from the other."

"There is certainly a most remarkable resemblance between them; but such a thing often happens in the case of twins. What makes the matter worse, is that they both dress alike, even down to their neckties. They ought not to carry things to such a fine point. It's an imposition on their friends and acquaintances."

"That's what it is. We ought to convey them a gentle hint on the subject."

Thus speaking, the brokers walked over to Broad Street and entered the Exchange. In the meantime, Dick Eastman, whose astonishing resemblance to his brother had attracted the notice of VanDyke and Fanning, got out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and entered the office of Eastman & Co. He went through to the private room, the curtains of which Nick had raised in

order to give an unobstructed view of the outer office, and sitting down at his own desk, which backed his brother's in the center of the window space, took up the morning's Wall Street News and was soon deeply absorbed in its contents. Nick and Dick Eastman, the twin boy brokers of Wall Street, as they came to be called by the traders in a short time, looked as much like one another as two fresh-minted coins. Even their parents, who had their identities down as fine as any one could have them, sometimes got them mixed up, until the twins themselves straightened the matter out.

The Eastman twins were born and brought up in New York, on a scale that was far from being a grand one, for their father, Henry Eastman, had never achieved a higher business rating than the cashiership of a big contracting firm. As Mr. Eastman's salary was very fair and the position a steady one, the father of the twins managed to provide a comfortable living for his little family, in a nice Harlem flat. After Nick and Dick graduated at the public school, they paid a visit to their father's only sister, who had recently become a widow, in Boston. The result of the visit was that Nick returned alone, Dick electing to remain with his aunt, who secured him the position of messenger in a State Street broker's office. Nick, after some wire pulling among his New York friends, got a similar job in an Exchange Place broker's office. For three years the twins remained apart, meeting only at Christmas and during their annual vacations, and devoting all their energies to learning as much as possible about the brokerage business.

About ten months before the opening of our story, the twins' aunt in Boston died, and when her will was opened it appeared that she had left Dick Eastman the bulk of her small property, amounting to a matter of about \$10,000. A week later, news came from the West of the death of Mrs. Eastman's mother, and when her will was read, it was found that she had left Nick Eastman the sum of \$10,000, putting him on a par with his brother. The boys, who corresponded regularly, decided that they would go into the brokerage business in New York, under the firm name of Eastman & Co., as soon as they got hold of their legacies. About two weeks before this story begins, the boys got their money, and then Dick threw up his job at the Hub and came home, where he and Nick perfected their plans, secured an office in the Orion Building on Wall Street, furnished it up in proper shape, and began operations on a capital of \$20,000.

CHAPTER II.—Nick's Plucky Rescue.

"Dick," said Nick Eastman, "there is one thing we need, even before any business begins to come our way."

"What is it?" came Dick's voice, over the tops of the two desks.

"An office boy. He may be a luxury at the present stage of the game, but we've got to have one. An office without an office boy is like——"

"A ship without a rudder, eh?" laughed Dick.

"The simile is hardly a good one, but it will answer to express our sentiments on the subject."

"An advertisement in the Blank," mentioning the name of a prominent paper, "will bring us a small army of applicants from whom we can make our choice."

"I have taken the liberty, Brother Dick, to provide the first applicant myself. Our washer-woman, Mrs. Brown, has a son—Billy is his name—whom she is anxious to put at work to help along the meager family resources. She is a worthy woman, and I think we ought to help her if her young hopeful proves to be a promising addition to Wall Street. I told her yesterday to put Billy into his best suit and send him down to our office at eleven this morning. I assured her that if her son struck our fancy, we'd give him every chance to make good. He ought to be here soon."

At that moment the door of the outer office opened and admitted a sturdy youth, with a bright and rather aggressive countenance. He looked around the room in a doubtful kind of way, and then walked up to the railing.

"Come in here, young man," said Nick, who had heard the door shut.

The boy, who was about fifteen, obeyed. His face wore a kind of awed look, for he felt like a cat in a strange garret, until he reached the entrance to the private room and saw the two boy brokers looking at him, then it changed to one of astonishment. He had never seen the twins before, and the first look he had of them fairly paralyzed him, for they looked like the same boy in two places at once.

"You are William Brown, I believe?" said Nick, and without waiting for an answer, he pointed to a chair beside his desk and added, "Take this seat and I will talk to you."

Billy Brown, for it was him all right, advanced slowly and sat down.

"Are you Mr. Eastman?" he said, in an embarrassed tone.

"That's my name," replied Nick, with an encouraging smile.

"Who is that?" said Billy, pointing in the direction of the other desk, which hid Dick from his gaze.

"That is my brother."

"Oh!" ejaculated Billy. "He looks just like you."

"So I have been told," smiled Nick, while Dick who heard the remark, chuckled quietly to himself. "Now, Billy, how would you like to work in Wall Street?"

"First rate," replied the lad, enthusiastically.

"We want a boy to sit in the outer office, and announce any visitor who calls on us, also to carry messages and run errands."

"I can do that," replied Billy, promptly.

"You have never worked in an office before, I believe."

"I only worked for one man, and he was a plumber. I didn't like the job and left. I ain't done nothin' since."

"Do you think you can be civil and polite to everybody who comes into the office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you keep your eyes and ears wide open, and your mouth closed? That is, talk only when spoken to, and not volunteer any information?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must always look neat and clean, for a

boy careless of his personal appearance is an abomination, and his stay in Wall Street is certain to be short. If your hair gets rumpled, or your hands dirty, or your clothes soiled from an unavoidable cause, we have a washroom outside, where you can quickly remedy the matter. There is no excuse for a boy going around in a slipshod fashion, and no business man will stand for it. Are you prepared to toe the mark in that respect?"

"Yes, sir," replied Billy, once more.

"All right. We will give you a trial. Your wages will be \$4 a week, and you can start in now. For the present, you will have little work to do, but that fact need not worry you. Your office hours will be from nine in the morning, until about four in the afternoon. Be here promptly on time. Now you may go outside the railing and sit on the chair beside the window. That is your post when you are in the office. When my brother or I want you we will call you."

Billy got up and went outside. Five minutes later, Nick put on his hat and went over to the gallery of the Stock Exchange, for not being a member of that institution, he could not go on the floor. He took up his position at the railing apart from the other spectators, who were attracted there by curiosity only, and looked down on the busy scene below. There seemed to be a flurry around the B. & C. standard, and Nick soon discovered that the price of the stock was going up, under heavy buying. He decided that it looked like a good chance for the firm to make a few dollars, so he left the Exchange, went to their safe-deposit vault and took \$10,000 of their capital out of the box. Then he went around to a little bank on Nassau Street, where he had put through several small stock deals when he was a messenger, and bought 1,000 shares of B. & C. stock at the market price of 77.

After that he went back to the Exchange and watched the trend of the stock. In the meantime Dick Eastman remained at his desk reading the Wall Street News. Shortly after Nick left the office, the door opened and a very pretty girl, very plainly attired, but very neat in appearance, came in. The moment Billy saw her he jumped up, and approaching her asked her as politely as he could, what she wanted.

"Is one of the firm in?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss."

"Could I see him?"

"I guess so. I'll take your name in."

"My name is Miss Adams."

Billy walked into the private room, the curtains of which were now down, and told Dick that a young lady named Adams wanted to see him.

"Show her in," replied the young broker.

So Billy ushered the visitor into the inner office.

"Take a seat, miss," said Dick. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a position as stenographer and typist. I was told in one of the offices on this floor, that your firm had just begun business, so I thought I would come in and see if you needed a stenographer. I am willing to begin on a small salary, as I need work very badly," said Miss Adams.

"Well, Miss Adams, I should be glad to give

you a trial if we had enough work to keep you even partly employed; but the fact of the matter is, we only opened up here today, and there is nothing doing as yet that calls for the services of a stenographer. If you care to leave your name and address with us we will keep you in mind."

"My name is Elsie Adams, and I live at No. — East 129th Street," she replied.

Dick took it down. He then asked her if she had had much experience as a stenographer.

"Not a great deal," she admitted. "I was cashier in a restaurant for over a year, and while there I took lessons three evenings a week at an uptown business school. When I was pronounced proficient enough to take a stenographer's position, the proprietor secured me a situation with a small manufacturing establishment on Fourth Avenue. I was there three months, and no fault was found with me. Unfortunately, the firm met with business reverses, a receiver took charge, and my services were dispensed with. I have now been out of work over two months, and as I am the only breadwinner at home it is necessary that I get something to do as soon as possible."

"Well, Miss Adams, I may hear of an opening in your line any time. If I do, I will communicate with you, and if my brother or I can be of any assistance in getting you the place, it will give us great pleasure to do so."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, gratefully, rising to go. "Good-day."

"Good-day, Miss Adams," answered Dick, turning to his desk.

The girl left the office, and visited several others in the same building, but without success. She was passing down Broad Street an hour later, when Nick came out of the Exchange Building and met her almost face to face. She took him for Dick, and bowed with a shy smile as she passed on. He turned and looked after her. She had started to cross Broad Street. At that moment a cab swung around the corner of Exchange Place, and the horse was upon her before the driver could rein in. Nick saw her peril, and quick as a wink he sprang out into the street, grabbed the frightened girl around the waist and pulled her out of danger, just as the wheel of the cab brushed by them both.

CHAPTER III.—Nick Makes an Arrangement With Miss Adams.

Elsie Adams gave a gasp, looked into her rescuer's face, and then fainted dead away in Nick's arms, her white face dropping on his shoulders. He got the young lady to the sidewalk just as a policeman came up, and several onlookers stopped, attracted by the incident. Nick and the officer carried the girl into the nearest office, and the young broker got a glass of water to try and revive her. The cashier of the establishment sent the office boy to a cafe close by for a glass of brandy, and by the time he got back with the liquor, the girl was reviving under Nick's good offices. He took the brandy and poured a little between her lips. She gasped and opened her eyes, looking straight into Nick's face.

"Take another sip of this brandy, miss," said Nick.

"What happened to me?" she asked, faintly.

"You were nearly run down by a cab," he answered.

"Oh, yes, I remember, and you saved me. I am very grateful to you, Mr. Eastman?"

"I beg your pardon. You seem to know me, but I can't recall your face."

"Don't you remember me? I am Miss Adams. I was in your office a short time ago looking for a position as stenographer."

"Oh, I see," replied Nick, with a smile. "It was evidently my brother you saw."

"Your brother!" she exclaimed, with a puzzled look. "Why, I am sure——"

"My twin brother, Miss Adams. We look very much alike."

"Oh! I thought you were he, and I bowed to you. I hope you will excuse me."

"Don't mention it. If you are feeling better I will escort you outside."

The policeman asked Nick a few questions about the incident, and then went away.

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Eastman, and I am sure I never shall forget it," said Elsie Adams, when they reached the sidewalk.

"I believe you said that you were at my office looking for work?" Nick said.

"Yes. You say it was your brother I saw there? He looks the very image of you. I never saw such a remarkable resemblance between two persons before."

"We are twins and that accounts for it. I suppose he told you that we had no opening for a stenographer at present?"

"Yes. He said the firm had only begun business to-day."

"That's right. I suppose you are anxious to get a position?"

"Very anxious, indeed," she replied, wistfully.

"Are you an experienced stenographer?"

"I can hardly call myself that, but I believe I am a capable one."

"Where were you employed last?"

Elsie told him about her experience with the establishment on Fourth Avenue.

"That was the only position you have held as a stenographer and typewriter?"

"Yes."

"Well, Miss Adams, an idea struck me that I might help you out a bit if you would like to fall in with my plan. I am acquainted with a lawyer on Broadway, who has a large quantity of typewriting that he wants done. His office is not large enough to accommodate a typewriter, and he is going to give it out. It would easily furnish you work at a good price for two weeks, at any rate. Now if you want to do that work you can do it in our office. I will get a machine for you to do it on. Whatever work we have during that time we will pay you for, and we won't charge you anything for the little space you take up in our counting-room. Why should we, when it is going to waste at present? I will place a table for you near the window and no one will disturb you. Now what do you say? Do you accept my offer?"

"Gladly, Mr. Eastman," she said, with swimming eyes. "I don't know how I shall ever be able to thank you for your kindness."

"It isn't necessary for you to thank me or my brother, either. We believe in giving anybody

who needs it a helping hand if we can. We kind of look upon it as a matter of duty, and we don't believe we'll lose anything by it."

Elsie tried to thank him again, but he wouldn't have it, then they parted, she going toward Pearl Street to take a train for home, and Nick starting for the office of his friend the lawyer. He had no difficulty in securing the work for the girl, and after leaving an order for the typewriter, he went to lunch. When he got back to the office, he found that Dick was out.

"You'd better go and get your lunch, Billy," he said. "If you haven't the price, I'll give it to you, and to-morrow you can bring your lunch with you."

He handed the boy a quarter, and told him he'd find quick-lunch houses all about the neighborhood. Dick came in after fifteen minutes, and Nick told him about his purchase of the 1,000 shares of B. & C. stock.

"It's gone up two points since I put the deal through, so we're \$2,000 richer on paper than we were when we began business this morning."

"That's fine," replied Dick. "If we could make that much every day it wouldn't be long before we took our place among the well-to-do men of Wall Street."

Nick then spoke about his meeting with Miss Adams, and told Dick how he had saved her from being run down by a cab on Broad Street.

"She took me for you," laughed Nick.

"You don't blame her, do you?"

"No. Everybody seems to make the same mistake. It's too bad that there isn't some distinguishing feature about our faces. When I look in my glass at home I almost think I'm looking at you, and I dare say you are similarly affected. We are like the twins in Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors."

Nick told his brother about the arrangement he had made with Miss Adams to give her a lift.

"She needs it, I guess," replied Dick.

"Yes, I judged so. She seems to be an uncommonly nice girl."

"Very interesting," laughed Dick. "You'll stand well with her, for saving her from being run over."

"I don't object, but I think it more than likely she'll never be quite sure which of us is Nick and which Dick."

"I'll tell you what we'll do in order to enable Billy and Miss Adams to identify us. You wear your signet ring on the little finger of your left hand, or I will do so if you prefer. It will be necessary sooner or later in this business, to establish some means so that we may be distinguished apart, and that is a very simple one for anybody to remember. It's a wonder mother or pop didn't think of something like that when we turned down their suggestion of dressing radically different."

"That isn't a bad idea of yours, Dick. I'll change my ring to the left hand and we'll tell Billy, Miss Adams, the folks at home, and our friends how they can avoid confusing us hereafter," said Nick.

Dick took up the tape and looked at it.

"B. & C. is up another half point," he said.

"Which means that we are \$500 richer in prospect," replied Nick.

Here the door opened, and Billy returned from

the swellest meal he had had for many a day. He had invested the whole quarter in a plate of roast beef, a glass of milk and some cabinet pudding, and he felt like a fighting cock.

"Billy," said Nick, "which of us was talking to you this morning?"

The office boy looked at the twin brokers, and scratched his head in a puzzled way.

"Dunno," he said, "but I think it must have been you, from the sound of your voice."

"You struck it right. It was me. Now in order to prevent you from mistaking us hereafter, you want to make a note of one thing. I am Nicholas Eastman, and I wear this signet ring on my left hand, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"My brother here, is Richard Eastman, and he wears the same kind of a ring on his right hand. Do you think you will be able to remember that?"

"Sure, I will," replied Billy, confidently.

"Do you know where the Mills Building is?"

"No, sir."

Nick took a pad out of his pocket, and scribbled the names of a dozen well-known office buildings on it.

"Go out and hunt those buildings up. Make a note of each one when you locate it, so you'll be able to go right to it without trouble, if you should have a message to take to some broker in it. Take your time and make sure, for I shall question you about the situation of the various buildings when you get back."

Billy started off, fully determined to make himself so well acquainted with each of the office buildings that he would be able to state on his return where each one was.

CHAPTER IV.—A Slice of Luck

When Billy got home that afternoon about five o'clock, he made his mother happy by telling her that Eastman & Co. had taken him on trial, and that he meant to make good, for he considered the job a regular snap.

Billy was down on time, next morning. Nick had given him the key so he could get in. The twins came in separately. They didn't want to walk down Wall Street together, for fear their likeness to each other would attract too much attention. Nick was the first to arrive, and Billy recognized him by the ring on his left hand. Dick came in soon after. The typewriter arrived ten minutes later, and Billy notified Nick, who signed the receipt, and told the man to put it on the table by the window, inside the railing. At ten o'clock, Elsie Adams appeared, and Billy showed her into the private room where the two brothers sat at their desks. The girl shrewdly identified the twins by remembering that Dick Eastman sat at the right-hand desk when she had her interview with him. She bowed and smiled, and went directly to Nick's desk.

"You are the Mr. Eastman who saved me from the cab, yesterday," she said, with another smile that was full of gratitude.

"How do you know I am Nicholas Eastman?" said Nick, a bit surprised at her ready identification.

"Because you are sitting at this desk, which was not occupied when I called yesterday, and spoke to your brother," she answered.

"If you saw us together in the outer office, do you think you could tell us apart?" laughed Nick.

"I don't know, yet it seems I ought not to forget the face of the gentleman to whom I am under such deep obligations as I am to you," she replied, with a shy smile.

"Let me give you a pointer that will help you in recognizing us, whether you see us together or separately."

Then he showed her the signet ring on his left hand.

"My brother Dick wears a similar ring on the little finger of his right hand. Now you ought not to mix us up," said Nick.

"I am sure I will not," she said.

"Well, the typewriter is here, and so is a part of the work I have secured for you. You can start in whenever you are ready."

"I am ready now."

"Then I will show you where you can put your hat and jacket."

He pointed out a closet, off the counting-room. While she was hanging her things up, he got the copy out of the safe, took her to the table where the typewriter was, and told her she would find blank paper in the table drawer. After that he left her to herself, and soon the click of the keys resounded through the outer room, as she went ahead with the work in hand.

"I see that R. & C. opened at 80 1-8 this morning," said Dick. "That puts us easily \$3,000 to the good, on the deal you made yesterday."

"I must go over to the Exchange and keep tab on it," replied his brother.

Nick shut up his desk, put on his hat, and walked into the outer room.

"Well, how are you getting on, Miss Adams?" he said, with a smile.

"Very nicely," she replied, with one of her shy glances that were beginning to have a strong effect on the young broker.

"Sure you know which Mr. Eastman you're talking to now, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I don't think I need to look at your ring to recognize you. I have observed that your voice is somewhat different from your brother's. I really think I would know you anywhere."

"I'm beginning to think so, too. I don't think that Dick and me will be able to fool you as to our identity."

"I hope you won't try."

"Oh, no, we wouldn't try to fool you designedly. It is really a treat to meet some one who is able to know us apart, without much trouble. Well, I won't interrupt your labors. I'm going over to the Exchange to watch the market."

With a nod, Nick left the office. He might have been gone ten minutes when Broker Fanning walked in. Billy stepped up to him, and he said he wanted to see Mr. Nicholas Eastman.

"Just went out, but Mr. Richard Eastman is in," replied Billy.

"Well, you can take my name in to Mr. Richard Eastman. It's Fanning."

Billy went inside and announced that a gentleman named Fanning wanted to see him.

"Show him in."

Broker Fanning walked inside.

"I called to see your brother, Mr. Eastman, but as he isn't in, I thought I'd introduce myself to you. I'm a broker on this floor, and believe in maintaining a friendly footing with my neighbors."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Fanning," said Dick, offering his hand, which the trader took.

"You resemble your brother as much as one pea does another," said Fanning. "You will have the whole Street guessing pretty soon which of you is which."

"Nick and I can't help it, if we look so much alike," replied Dick.

"You might simplify the matter by dressing differently. For instance, one of you could wear a soft hat and the other a derby."

"We have tried that already, but our taste in clothes is so much alike that we always got back to the same style in a short time."

"Well, I think you ought, in the interest of the public, have some distinguishing mark," replied Fanning.

"We have. You see this ring?"

The trader nodded.

"You notice that I wear it on the little finger of my right hand. My brother wears a facsimilar ring on the little finger of his left hand. If you remember that, you can always tell us apart."

"That's something. Well, I suppose you haven't started to do much business yet?"

"Oh, we're doing a little something?"

"Interested in the market, maybe?"

Dick smiled, but did not reply.

"You ought to get in on B. & C. It is attracting a lot of attention this morning, on account of the jump it made yesterday."

"It may take just as quick a tumble."

"I don't think so. I figure on it going to 90, at least."

At that moment Billy appeared.

"There's a boy here who wants to see Mr. Fanning."

"Excuse me a moment, Eastman," said the broker, getting up and walking to the railing, where he found his own messenger standing. "What is it, Bob?" he asked.

"Mr. Babcock told me to hand you this," said the youth, presenting an envelope.

Babcock was Fanning's cashier. The broker tore the envelope open, and glanced at the enclosure.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the trader, making a sudden move for the door, followed by his messenger.

Billy saw him drop a paper on the floor. He ran and picked it up, and hurried after the broker. Fanning, however, was not in sight. He had caught a descending elevator, and was near the ground floor by that time. Billy decided to take the paper to his boss. So he walked up to Dick's desk, and handed him the paper.

"What's this?" asked the young broker, glancing at the writing.

"The gentleman who just left in a hurry, dropped it," replied Billy.

By the time the words were out of his mouth,

Dick had grasped the sense of the brief bit of writing, which ran as follows:

"B. & C. will slump inside of thirty minutes. Get out from under. Yours, Blakiston."

"Gee! Nick must know of this," ejaculated Dick, reaching for his hat and starting for the Exchange, where he expected to find his brother in the gallery.

Nick wasn't in sight when Dick reached the space reserved for visitors.

"Maybe he's up at the little bank," thought the young broker. "I must hustle up there."

He found the reception-room attached to the brokerage department of the bank crowded with customers, but after a hurried survey, he saw that Nick wasn't there. A small boy who was in charge of the big blackboard at the end of the room, had just marked the figures 87 3-8 under B. & C.

"What shall I do? I haven't the least idea where I might find Nick, and time is passing. By George! I have it. I'll order the shares sold myself. The clerk won't know the difference between me and Nick."

Dick made a break for the margin clerk's window.

"Hellow, Eastman," said the clerk, who was well acquainted with Nick, but had never seen Dick, "going to sell out?"

"Yes. Make out an order, and I'll sign it."

The clerk made out the order, and Dick signed it Eastman & Co.

"How are Eastman & Co. making out?" grinned the clerk.

"Fine as silk," replied Dick. "Just dispose of our 1,000 shares as quick as you can, will you?"

"I'll 'phone the order to our broker at once. Expect a break in the market?"

Dick didn't wait to reply, but left the bank.

"I guess I've saved the day," he muttered, as he walked back to the Exchange.

When he reached the gallery, B. & C. was quoted at 87 1-2, with a yelling and excited mob around the stand. He had been there about five minutes, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning around, he saw his brother at his elbow.

"Came over to see the fun, eh?" said Nick.

"No, I came here to find you."

"What about?"

Before Dick could answer, a tremendous uproar arose on the floor below. The crowd around the B. & C. standard was increased to a mob of pushing, yelling and perspiring traders. A forest of fingers was waved in the air at a new man who had usurped the center of attraction. It was some seconds before Nick grasped the situation, though Dick had an idea what it meant. The blackboard presently showed that a break had taken place in the price of B. & C. It was dropping a point at a time, showing that an unexpected slump was on.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Nick. "B. & C. is on the toboggan. I must get to the bank at once and sell out."

"He started to leave, when Dick caught him by the arm.

"Hold on, Nick," he said.

"Hold on! Why, I haven't a moment to lose."

"Oh, you've lots of time. The stock is sold."

"Sold! What do you mean?" stared Nick.

"I ordered it sold fifteen minutes ago, when the price stood at 87 3-8."

"The deuce you did. How came you to do that?"

"I did it because I caught on to a tip that B. & C. was about to slump."

"How did you get the tip?"

"Read that," said Dick, showing him the paper Broker Fanning had dropped in their office, and which Billy had picked up and handed to him.

"Who is Blakiston, and how came he to send you this?"

Then Dick explained the situation.

"Shake," said Nick. "That was a big piece of luck."

It was indeed, for Eastman & Co. cleared \$10,000 on the deal.

CHAPTER V.—The Fifteen-Day Option.

As the twins walked slowly back to their office together, after spending half an hour in the gallery watching the slump which was only arrested when B. & C. reached 74, everybody they met turned around and looked after them.

"We're attracting a whole lot of attention," said Dick, at length.

"What's the odds? It had to come some time. As soon as the traders learn that we're in the brokerage business, we'll be the talk of the Street."

Just then VanDyke came along with a friend.

"Hello, Eastman," he said, stopping in front of them. "Which of you is Nicholas?"

"I am," said Nick. "You are Mr. VanDyke. I promised to introduce you to my brother. I'll do it now. Dick, this is Broker VanDyke, who has an office on our floor. Mr. VanDyke, my brother, Richard."

They shook hands, and then the broker introduced his friend; whose name was Studley.

"By the Lord! You young chaps are the dead image of each other," said Studley, trying in vain to find some distinguishing mark about them.

"These young fellows constitute the brokerage firm of Eastman & Co. They have an office on the same floor with me," explained VanDyke to his friends.

"You don't say!" ejaculated Studley. "I s'pose we'll have to call you the twin boy brokers of Wall Street."

"You are at liberty to call us that, I suppose, for we are twins and brokers to boot," replied Nick.

"How in thunder are we going to tell you apart?" said Studley.

"By our signet rings," said Nick, explaining the matter.

"That's all right, in its way, but it would be better if one of you wore a light-colored suit, and the other a dark one," said Studley. "If you did that right along, anybody would be able to tell you apart, then."

"We'll consider your suggestion, Mr. Studley," said Nick.

The two men then continued on to the Exchange, while Nick and Dick walked down Wall Street to the Orion Building. On entering their office, Dick went straight into the private room,

but Nick walked over to the place where Elsie Adams was busy at work.

"Do you find things running to your satisfaction, Miss Adams?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I can't help thinking how good you have been to me in providing me with this work, and permitting me to use this typewriter and occupy a place in your office," she replied, giving him a look that made his heart beat a little faster.

"I have already told you not to worry about what I and my brother have done for you. It is a pleasure for us to give you a little lift at a time when you appear to need it. Your presence in our counting-room makes the office look more business-like, and we are going to try to keep you, somehow."

"I should be very glad to stay, if I only made enough to meet our expenses at home," she said.

"Well, we shall probably be able to reach some arrangement before you have completed the work you have in hand."

After some further talk, Nick went to his desk. By the time the Exchange closed that day, probably one hundred traders had heard about the Eastman twins who had opened a brokerage office in the Orion Building, and many of the brokers felt a great curiosity to see the boys who were said to look so much alike that they couldn't be told apart. Thomas Gaylor, Nick's former employer, heard about the matter. The broker who told him, said that one of the Eastmans was his late messenger.

"Oh, come now, you're joking, aren't you?" said Gaylor.

"No: it's a fact. I know Nick Eastman well, for he's been in my office a hundred times with messages from you."

"You say he's gone into the brokerage business with his brother?"

"Yes."

"He's got a pretty good nerve. He never gave me a hint of his intention when he left. I suppose somebody left him and his brother a legacy, and they have started out for themselves with the idea that fortunes are easily made in Wall Street."

When Gaylor left his office at half-past three, he decided to call on his former messenger and see what kind of a bluff he and his brother were putting up. At the Orion Building he was told that the office of Eastman & Co. was on the fourth floor, so he went up there and soon found the door. He studied the sign on the door with a chuckle, and then entered. Billy had gone home, but Elsie Adams left her machine and asked him who he wished to see.

"Is Nick Eastman in? If so, please tell him that Mr. Gaylor is here."

The girl went toward the private room where the curtains were down, and from behind which came a buzz of conversation. She parted one of the curtains, and told Nick that a gentleman by the name of Gaylor, would like to see him.

"Tell him to come right in," said Nick.

When Gaylor entered the room he found four brokers whom he knew, smoking and talking to the Eastman brothers, who sat at their desks. The traders were VanDyke, Studley and two others. Gaylor gasped when he saw what appeared to be

a pair of Nick Eastmans. He couldn't tell which of the two was his old messenger.

"Hello, Gaylor; come up to see the twins?" cried Studley, laughingly.

"I came up to see my late messenger, but hang me if I can tell him from his double," replied Gaylor, in a perplexed tone.

The other brokers roared at the puzzled look which rested on Gaylor's face. Nick Eastman got up, and advanced to his new visitor.

"I'm Nick," he said. "And I appreciate the honor you pay me in visiting our office. This is my twin brother, who has been working for a State Street broker in Boston, for the last three years."

Nick introduced his brother to his late employer in due form.

"There's a chair, Mr. Gaylor. Sit down and make yourself at home," said Nick.

"Upon my word, young man, you seem to be coming out," said Gaylor. "You must have quite a wad to be able to pay the rent of this office."

"I guess we can stand the squeeze for a few months," laughed Nick.

"If you have money you couldn't find a better place to blow it in, than Wall Street," replied Gaylor. "There are lots of people down here who will be more than willing to show you how to do it."

"Perhaps you came up to give the new firm a pointer or two?" chuckled VanDyke.

"I'm afraid you have the advantage of me in that respect," replied Gaylor, taking out a cigar and lighting it. "I never knew you to let a good thing get away from you yet."

"Oh, my, what a rap!" cried Studley. "Are you going to stand for that, VanDyke?"

"You oughtn't to give me away in that fashion, Gaylor," laughed VanDyke. "If all the lambs you've shorn in the course of your Wall Street experience were to parade in front of your office some day, I'm afraid Exchange Place would be impossible for an hour or more."

Studley and the other two brokers roared at this.

"You must know how it is yourself, VanDyke," replied Gaylor, coolly.

"Well, whether I do or not, you've only wasted your time if you've come up to teach Eastman & Co. the tricks of the trade. I'll warrant that your late messenger knows all your methods from A to Z, and will keep his weather eye lifting when you are around," replied VanDyke, jokingly. "The twins here have just been telling us that they expect to scalp a few of us experienced chaps before were much older."

"I've no doubt they have nerve enough to try to do it, but that is about as far as they will get," returned Gaylor. "I should advise them to confine their efforts to the lambs, and let the old rams alone."

"That's what we expect to do," said Nick. "But if any old ram butts in on us with the anticipation of getting away with any of our fleece, I won't answer for what happens to him."

"Lord, what a gall!" cried Studley. "Do you really think you can hold your own against an experienced trader?"

"Why not?" asked Nick, coolly.

"My intelligent young friend, you are talking rag-time now. The first broker that gets a chance

at your pile will clean you out down to your undergarments."

"Perhaps you'd like to get that chance, Mr. Studley?"

"I don't know. It would be a shame to take your money."

"Don't worry. You've made a statement that I'd like to see you make good, and I'm willing to offer you the opportunity."

"If you insist on putting your head into the lion's jaws, I'll not stand in your way. How do you wish me to serve you?"

"Well, I had a dream last night that A. & D. was going to jump from 80 to par. I dreamed it three times, which is a certain sign that it will come to pass. We have decided to buy 5,000 shares on the strength of this tip. As we haven't got \$400,000 to spare just now for the purpose, we are open to a proposition from any broker who feels disposed to sell us a fifteen-day option on the stock at a small advance on the market. Maybe you'd like to take advantage of this offer. We will give you the first chance to bite at a good thing. If you don't want it, perhaps one of these other gentlemen won't mind taking a shot at our goat."

Nick's offer rather surprised those present.

"I guess you're joking, Eastman," said Studley. "I never heard of anybody risking his money in Wall Street on the strength of a dream tip."

"If you think I'm bluffing, why don't you call me?"

"I will. I'll sell you a fifteen-day option on 5,000 A. & D., at a two-point advance on the market, if you will put up five per cent. of the current value of the stock which will be \$20,000."

"I accept your offer," said Nick, promptly. "Sit at my desk and write out the option while I go for the money. I'll have it here inside of fifteen minutes."

The young trader got up and reached for his hat, while the five brokers looked at him in surprise, for they didn't dream that he meant business.

"I don't think Studley ought to be permitted the exclusive privilege of committing highway robbery on this young and confiding firm," spoke up a broker named Gray, with a chuckle. "I move that we all take a hand in the slaughter of the innocents. There are five of us here. We'll each chip in a thousand shares, and when the option expires, we'll divide the \$20,000 among us. What do you say? We might as well have the money as anybody else, since these young gentlemen seem determined to get rid of it by backing such an intangible tip as a dream."

The other brokers laughed, and Studley said he had no objection to dividing the good thing among his associates present.

"Well, gentlemen, you may hold a meeting of your pool right here in the office, while I'm away after the money," said Nick. "As Mr. Studley made the offer, I will look to him to put the deal through. I may say, gentlemen, that instead of dividing the \$20,000 between you, as you anticipate, when the option expires, the firm of Eastman & Co. expects to sell those 5,000 shares at a very handsome profit when A. & D. reaches par."

Thus speaking, Nick walked out of the office.

CHAPTER VI.—The Twin Brothers Make a Wad of Money.

Nick chuckled to himself as he left the office for the safe-deposit vaults, to get the \$20,000 the firm had to put up on the option deal.

"I wonder if Mr. Gaylor and the rest of those gentlemen really believe that Dick and I are such a pair of innocents as to risk \$20,000 on the strength of a dream?" thought Nick. "Just as if we would be such champs! That dream yarn was just a fake I used as an excuse for trying to make the deal. The firm of Eastman & Co. has something more solid than a dream to work on this trip, as Mr. Gaylor and his friends will find out before the option expires."

The fact of the matter was, that Nick had received inside information of the coming advance in A. & D. from a thoroughly reliable source, and he had been on the point of going over to the little bank to buy 3,000 shares at the market on the usual ten per cent. margin when Van Dyke, Studley and the other two brokers dropped in to see the new firm.

Studley's remark that the first broker who got the chance would clean the young firm out down to their underclothes so nettled Nick that he practically dared Studley to make his statement good by selling him the fifteen-day option on A. & D. stock.

Nick had not expected the broker to offer to sell the option at only a two-point advance.

In the light of the tip he had at his back, he considered two points a good deal.

After Nick left the office, the five brokers had a hearty laugh among themselves.

"That was a pretty good bluff on your brother's part," VanDyke said to Dick.

"What do you mean by a bluff?" asked the young broker.

"Why, offering to buy that 5,000-share option of Studley."

"That was no bluff. Mr. Studley made the offer and my brother, in the name of the firm, took him up. He's gone for the money to put it through."

"Do you mean to say that you expect him to come back before we go away?"

"Certainly, I do."

"With \$20,000?"

"Yes, with \$20,000."

The traders looked at one another.

"If he really means business, I think we might as well accommodate him," said VanDyke. "Let us, as Gray suggested, make a pool of it, and each take a fifth interest in the option. A. & D. shares are worth 80. At that figure 5,000 will cost us \$400,000, or \$80,000 apiece. We'll each hand Studley our check for that amount as soon as Eastman pays over the \$20,000 deposit. Studley can then make out the option in his own name. If, at the end of the fifteen days, Eastman & Co. haven't taken up the shares at 82, and paid the balance due on that basis, which will be \$390,000, then Mr. Studley will send each of us his check for \$4,000, representing our profit on the deal. If Eastman & Co. do call in the option, then we can only look for a check of \$2,000 each, representing the difference between 80, the pre-

sent market price and 82 which the option calls for."

The other brokers nodded, and so the matter was settled among them to await the arrival of Nick with the money.

He came back within the fifteen minutes he had mentioned, and handed \$20,000 in bills to Studley.

"Now I'll trouble you for the option," he said.

Studley counted the money, and finding the amount correct wrote out the option and handed it to Nick, saying:

"I hope your dream will prove a winner, Eastman, but wouldn't like to insure your chances. I think you will find by the time the option runs out that the old rams of Wall Street know how to shear young brokers as well as lambs."

"Maybe before the option runs out the five old rams interested in it will learn that young brokers can turn a trick as well as themselves," replied Nick.

The traders laughed, and soon afterward took their leave in a bunch. Nick and Dick also laughed and shook hands.

"If Studley buys the shares tomorrow, as we must assume that he will, in order to protect the interests of the pool, the brokers will make about \$10,000. That, however, is all they will make, while you and I, Dick, will make a bunch of money."

It was now after four, and the boys were ready to go home. Nick escorted Elsie Adams as far as the Hanover Square station, and then took a down train as far as South Ferry, where he changed to the Ninth Avenue line. Next morning A. & D. opened at 79 1-2, then dropped to 79, and then suddenly jumped up to 81, where it roosted until noon, when it rose to 82. It closed that afternoon at 83, and Nick and Dick shook hands again, over the prospect of making another successful deal. On the following day it went to 85. Studley and the others in the small pool were surprised, as they had not looked for a rise in the stock, the indications seeming to point, if anything, the other way.

They were protected against loss, and insured a profit, as Studley had brought the stock at 79 1-2. During the next few days the price went up to 90. It fluctuated between 88 and 91 for a few more days, and then the boom that the young brokers were looking for set in, and it went up to 102 in a few hours. This happened on the twelfth day of the option, and Eastman & Co. decided to sell the option at that figure, as they couldn't raise anything like the amount needed to take the stock up. Before doing that, Nick called at Studley's office.

"Hello, Eastman," said the trader, "have you come after that stock? If you have, it is ready for you. You will make a pretty good thing out of your deal, something like \$100,000. I guess the firm of Eastman & Co. is a whole lot smarter than we took you to be."

"Think so?" laughed Nick. "Then I suppose you're willing to admit that you were mistaken when you said that the first old ram who got a chance at us would clean us out, down to our undergarments."

"Yes, yes; I'll take that all back. By the way, that statement you made about dreaming three times that A. & D. was going up to par was a

bluff, wasn't it? You might as well admit that you induced me to sell that option on the strength of some inside information you had got hold of, somehow. Isn't that a fact?"

"You're at liberty to think so if you want to, but I'm not saying whether it is true or not," replied Nick.

"Oh, you can't tell me now that you didn't have a pretty clear idea of how the cat was going to jump when you made that deal. You worked the thing pretty foxily for a young and comparatively inexperienced broker. I let you have that option altogether too cheap. I was off my guard at the time. In fact, we all thought you were only bluffing. When we found that you meant business, we let the deal go through on the terms of the offer I made you. Well, did you bring \$390,000 with you?"

"No, I did not. I called to see if you will take the option off our hands at the present market price. We are satisfied with the profit in sight."

"I guess not. I'll take it at 100."

"The last quotation is 102 3-8," said Nick, looking at the tape of the broker's private ticker. You ask me to make you a present of nearly \$12,000. I think that is altogether too steep when all you have to do is to go over to the Exchange and sell the stock. If you want to settle with me at 102, that is on a basis of \$20 a share, we'll talk business. You'll make \$1,875 at the present market. If it goes up another eighth, as it's likely to do before you reach the Exchange, that will mean \$625 more in your pocket. Is it a go, or not?"

"All right, I'll settle with you on those terms," said Studley. "I'll give you my check now for your \$20,000 deposit, and I'll send you a check for \$100,000 tomorrow afternoon after three."

"Make out a statement to that effect, and I will hand over the option," said Nick.

Broker Studley did so, and the young broker left the office. Studley immediately went to the Exchange and sold the 5,000 shares for 102 5-8, making an extra individual profit of a little over \$3,000. Next day he sent Eastman & Co. his check for the stipulated sum. He also forwarded checks to each of the pool members for \$82,500, but he didn't say anything about the extra \$3,000 he had made himself. That figured as his private brokerage commission for taking the option off the hands of the young brokers and selling it. As for Nick and Dick, the twin brokers, they were thoroughly delighted with the profitable result of their option deal, for they were now worth \$130,000, which placed the firm on a very satisfactory financial footing.

CHAPTER VII.—Billy Brown's Gun Play.

On the following afternoon, VanDyke and Gaylor came into Eastman & Co.'s office together. The twin brokers were at their desks, and received them with due respect and cordiality.

"By the Lord Harry, young man," said Gaylor, addressing himself to Nick, "you seem to have made a fine haul out of that option business you inveigled the five of us into."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gaylor, I don't think I am responsible for the pool you arranged among

yourselves with the idea of dividing that \$20,000 deposit in the event of our failure to call for the shares within the time limit of the option. That was Mr. Gray's suggestion. Rather a playful one at the time, but which you gentlemen afterward adopted when you found that this firm meant business."

"Humph! You had a tip on the situation, and you roped us in on the strength of it," said Gaylor.

"I don't think you nor the other four gentlemen have any kick coming over the deal. You all made something out of it, didn't you?"

"A measly \$2,500 apiece, for furnishing you and your partner with the means of cleaning up a cool \$100,000."

"Such things are often pulled off in Wall Street, aren't they? It's the sharp individual that operates on other people's capital when he hasn't got enough of his own, or it is otherwise employed."

"There is evidently nothing slow about you boys," interjected VanLyke; "but at the same time you mustn't run away with the idea that having done a clever thing, you can keep on repeating the program indefinitely. One drop of water doesn't make a puddle, nor one swallow a summer. You have made a hundred thousand dollars, which, with your other capital, ought to place you in a good position to do business. Be careful that the next deal you make does not land you up against the wall with a concussion that will take your breath away. A man can lose a million in the market in an hour, if he has that sum invested on the wrong side. Therefore, my advice to you is, if you have acquired a swelled head, reduce it right away."

"Thank you for your advice, Mr. VanDyke," returned Nick. "I can assure you that neither my brother nor myself have felt any need of buying a larger hat since we closed out the option, and I hope we never shall feel that way over any bit of business that we may be fortunate enough to pull off with a big profit."

"Glad to hear it," laughed VanDyke.

"To change the subject, may I ask you how you count on getting customers? Your boyish looks are bound to work against you for a while, at any rate," said Broker Gaylor.

"We have just begun to advertise extensively in the financial press, for one thing. The rest we leave to time and circumstances."

"Then you are angling for a mail-order business?"

"Some houses do a large and profitable business in that way," replied Nick. "I see no reason why we should not try for a share of it, too."

"Have you made any arrangements with a broker to buy and sell for you, at the Exchange?"

"Not as yet, but I was thinking of calling on you to help us out in that direction."

"I will do it, and treat you right. Drop into my office any day after three, and we will talk the matter over," said Gaylor.

"I will do so."

"You chaps are the talk of the Street, not so much on account of your astonishing likeness to each other, which has not been noticed much because you appear to avoid going abroad together to any great extent, but because of your nerve in setting yourselves up as fully-fledged brokers at what the boys call a kindergarten age."

"We seem able to hold our own just the same," laughed Dick, who had not said much up to that point.

"I guess we'll have to be going, Gaylor," said VanDyke, rising and tossing the butt of his cigar into a spittoon. "If I can be of service to you, Eastman, at any time, don't fail to call on me."

"Thank you, Mr. VanDyke; I will keep your offer in mind," said Nick.

The two brokers then went away. As Nick had intimated to Gaylor, the standing advertisement of Eastman & Co. now began to appear in the more important financial dailies and weeklies, as well as in a couple of the city dailies read by people interested in the stock market.

Of course, this method of getting before the public cost the young brokers quite a pretty penny, but it showed results in a gradually increasing mail. Most of the letters were chiefly ones of inquiry, requests for the firm's circular and market letter, and so forth. It was Dick's duty to write up the said market letter every afternoon, and when Nick had passed upon it, the copy went to Elsie Adams, now employed on a steady salary, to be copied and manifolded on her machine. She addressed one to each correspondent, whether asked for or not, and these copies were usually signed with the firm's name by Dick.

As Elsie was a pretty good bookkeeper, having been employed in that capacity as well as cashier at the restaurant, Nick gave her charge of the firm's books, though at present she had little work to do in connection with them. Business was getting a little bit better every day in the mail-order line, as the firm's advertising attracted greater attention. A few city people had come in with bonds for sale, and they had bought the gilt-edge ones outright, and sold the others for the people on commission.

One morning, two well-dressed men entered the office, and Billy, as usual, came up to them and asked them their business.

"Is Mr. Eastman in?" asked the tall one with coal-black eyes.

Dick was at his desk, and so Billy said "Yes."

"We'd like to see him," said the man.

"Will you tell me what your business is with Mr. Eastman?"

"We have some bonds we want to sell."

"What's our name?"

"William Carboy." Billy entered the private room, and told Dick that there were two men outside who wanted to sell some bonds.

"One of them said his name is William Carboy," concluded the office boy.

"Show them in, Billy" said Dick. So the two men entered the private room. The man who had given his name as Carboy, got down to business at once. He took a package out of his pocket containing three United States four per cent. coupon bonds, the face value of each being \$1,000, while the market value was \$1,200, and laid them before Dick.

"I want to sell those bonds at once, as I am going West by a late afternoon train," he said.

Dick looked the bonds over and saw that they were all right.

"I'll give you the market price for them," said the young broker.

"That is \$1,200 apiece, I believe."

Dick nodded.

"Very well; that will be satisfactory to me," said the man.

Dick went to the safe, counted out \$3,600, and returned to his desk. He wrote out a receipt for the men to sign, and shoved it toward him. Carboy signed it slowly, and while he was doing it his companion stepped up and drawing a slung-shot from his pocket, struck Dick on the head with it. As the young broker sank back with a groan, Carboy snatched up both the bonds and the money, stuffing the latter into his pocket. Then both men turned to leave the room, and found themselves face to face with Billy who had entered with a letter just left by the postman. The office boy had witnessed the cowardly attack on Dick, and without thinking of the risk he ran, he rushed at the man who struck the blow, and hit him a tremendous crack in the stomach with his fist. The rascal, with a howl of pain, doubled up and fell back over a chair. With a fierce imprecation Carboy reached for the plucky youth. Billy slipped under his arms, ran to Dick's desk, pulled open the top drawer, yanked out the revolver which he knew was there, and pointed it at Carboy.

"Throw up your hands," he said, resolutely, "or I'll fill you full of holes."

CHAPTER VIII.—Billy Gets a Black Eye and Goes into the Stock Market

Carboy uttered a gasp when he saw the shining tube pointed straight at his chest, and his face turned livid.

"Up with your hands," repeated Billy, "and be quick about it."

Carboy uttered a smothered imprecation, and took a step backward as he raised his arms.

"Stop where you are, or somethin' will happen," ordered the office boy.

Carboy's companion had picked himself up by this time, and seeing how things were, made a sudden dash for the curtains. Billy, however, had one eye on him, and like a flash, he moved the weapon so as to cover his legs and pulled the trigger. There was a flash, a loud report, and the man fell between the curtains and measured his length on the floor, where he lay groaning dismally. Carboy sprang upon Billy, and tried to take the revolver from him, but the boy eluded his clutch and took up a new position between him and the curtains, and forced the rascal to throw up his arms and back against the wall. Such was the aspect of affairs in the office when Nick Eastman, who was coming along the corridor from the elevator at the moment the shot was fired, rushed into the place in no little excitement, followed by several persons who had been startled by the report of the revolver. Elsie Adams sat at her machine with a white and scared face, for she was sure something dreadful had happened. Nick dashed across the counting-room space, and tore aside the curtain which half hid the fallen scoundrel Billy had wounded. Then he saw the tableau beyond—Billy holding Carboy against the wall at the muzzle of the revolver, and Dick lying back in his chair unconscious and white as death.

"What has happened, Billy?" demanded the young broker, springing to his brother's side, in

anxious alarm, and hardly noticing the presence of the two ruffians.

"The chap on the floor hit Mr. Richard over the scone with a weapon of some kind, and then I jumped in and took a hand," replied Billy, without removing his attention from Carboy.

Nick raised his brother up, and noticed with a feeling of intense relief that Dick was regaining his senses, as the blow, fortunately, had only been a glancing one, though it raised quite a swelling over the boy's left temple. Quite a number of people had entered the office by this time, including the broker from next door, and the crowd was rapidly increasing as the news was passed around that there was trouble in Eastman & Co.'s.

"Somebody fetch a glass of water," said Nick.

One of the spectators fetched it from the cooler outside the railing. While Nick was attending to his brother, Billy was explaining the situation to the broker from the adjoining office. The wounded man was lifted into a sitting posture against the wall. He was suffering great pain, for the bullet had fractured his knee bone badly. As soon as Dick got full possession of his senses, he told Nick all the particulars of the case up to the moment he was knocked out. Carboy was searched, and the money and bonds taken from him. The police were notified over the 'phone, and officers and a patrol wagon were sent to bring the two rascals to the station. When Nick and Dick came to understand the part that Billy had played in the affair, they felt that they couldn't thank or praise him too much.

"You're a plucky lad, Billy, and we won't forget what you have done for us," said Nick, shaking him by the hand, while Dick patted him on the back.

It was with some difficulty that Nick finally succeeded in clearing the office of those who had been drawn there by the excitement attending the incident. The broker from next door, another broker from across the corridor, and several clerks remained. Carboy had sullenly yielded to the inevitable, and promised to make no further trouble, so Nick put Billy on guard at the corridor door to prevent outsiders from intruding. In due time the police arrived, and took charge of the two rascals. Carboy was handcuffed and marched to the elevator, while his companion, being unable to walk, was carried by two of the officers. Dick and Billy went along to press the complaint against them. As soon as the excitement was all over and the office restored to its usual tranquil condition, Nick turned his attention to Elsie, who had remained unnoticed at her desk near the window.

"I'm afraid you must have been badly frightened, Miss Elsie," said Nick.

"I should think I was," she replied. "The pistol shot came so suddenly, followed by the fall of that man between the curtains, that I was startled out of my wits. I hardly knew what to think, and I didn't dare move. I knew two men had gone into the room to see your brother, and I had just seen Billy go in with a letter that the postman brought. Before the shot I heard what sounded like a racket in there. That attracted my attention first, and the rest followed quick upon it. I knew something was wrong, and I wondered why neither your brother nor Billy

came over to the man who had evidently been shot, and who lay groaning on the floor. I heard Billy's voice, but did not make out what he said. Then you and a lot of people rushed in, and I just sat here and shivered like a little coward, because I couldn't do anything else."

She looked up in his face with glistening eyes, and Nick sympathized with her.

"I am sorry you suffered such a shock, Miss Elsie, but such incidents do happen to us occasionally, though not often in Wall Street. It was a bold attempt at robbery, and probably would have succeeded but for Billy, who displayed uncommon pluck and presence of mind under strenuous conditions. He held one of the rascals up with the revolver which he pulled out of a drawer in my brother's desk, and shot the other when he tried to escape. He prevented the men from getting away with nearly \$4,000."

Nick conversed with the fair stenographer in a confidential way until Dick and Billy returned from the police station. Before the office boy went home that day, the young brokers thanked him again for his plucky conduct, and presented him with a hundred-dollar bill to start a bank account for himself. Nick also raised his wages a dollar, and Billy left the office soon after three, feeling great. He told his mother what had happened at the office, and showed her the \$100 bill.

"I'm goin' to get another plunk a week, besides," he concluded.

Inside of half an hour the whole tenement knew what Billy had done in Wall Street that day, and about the reward he had received, and then the news circulated around the neighborhood from mouth to mouth. To cap the climax of Billy's fame, his name was printed in all the evening papers as the brave office boy who had saved Eastman & Co., the twin boy brokers of the financial district, from being robbed of nearly \$4,000, and besides had practically captured the two thieves himself, with the help of a revolver. Billy's associates, as soon as they had learned the facts, regarded him with admiration and envy. All agreed that he had the average hero beaten to a standstill. Next morning when he came down Wall Street from Broadway on his way to the office, he was spotted by a number of A. D. T. messengers. They circled around him and commenced to guy him. He paid no attention to them until they grew bolder, and surrounded him in front of the sub-treasury.

"Hey, what are you fellers up to, anyway?" he demanded aggressively.

"We jest want to escort you to yer office, dat's all," grinned one freckle-faced youth.

"Well, I don't want you to escort me, anyway, understand?" replied Billy.

"When a guy gets his name inter de papers, we alwus take our hats off to him dis way."

The messengers removed their caps, made him a mock bow and then—biff!—every cap struck him on the head. That was more than Billy could stand. He smashed the nearest lad in the eye, and his neighbor in the jaw. With a howl, the crowd of six jumped on Billy. For two or three minutes a lively scrap ensued, and then the messengers, finding they were getting the worst of the argument, broke away and left Billy master of the field, also the possessor of a damaged eye,

that would shortly be black, and a cut lip. When he reached the office he washed his mouth and bathed his eye, but it was impossible for him to wholly conceal the effects of the scrap. Nick when he came in, saw that Billy had been fighting, but he made no remark, as the office boy was now a first favorite. Elsie also noticed the lad's bunged-up face. Of course, she did not appear to observe that there was anything unusual with the boy's appearance. So when Dick walked in, said good-morning, and made no comment on his damaged features, Billy felt reassured, and thought that nobody guessed he had been in a scrimmage.

As most of Billy's time at the office was passed in holding down the chair close to the window outside the railing, he filled in the long intervals by studying the letters and figures that appeared on the tape of the ticker put there for the benefit of customers who failed to appear. After wondering for a long time what these strange hieroglyphics meant, he made some inquiries on the subject of a messenger with whom he was on friendly terms. On learning that the letters were mostly the initials of railroad stocks dealt in at the Exchange, and that the figures represented the quotations of fluctuating values of the same, he took a fresh interest in the machine which recorded the daily gains and losses of stocks all along the list. On the morning he had the fight with the messengers, the ticker did not interest him half as much as did the frequent contemplation of the \$100 bill, which he had brought downtown with him to put in a near-by savings bank. Shortly after ten o'clock Dick Eastman sent him to a stationer's store on Nassau Street to get a small memorandum-book, and on his way he met his friend Tommy Burns, the messenger. He couldn't resist the temptation to show Burns the \$100 bill, at the same time telling him how it had come into his possession.

"Gee! You're rich," said Burns, enviously. "If I had that, I know how I could double it."

"How could you double it? I'd like to do that myself," said Billy, eagerly.

"I'd buy ten shares of M. & O. stock with it. It's going at 60, but will be up to 70 by next Monday. Then I'd sell out and make a profit of \$10 a share. Ten times ten is one hundred; see?"

Tommy then told him how lots of messenger boys patronized a little bank on Nassau Street, which made a specialty of catering to customers with limited capital, and how most of the messengers made out well in their little games of chance. Tommy pointed out the location of the little bank to Billy, and then went on his way. Billy also went on his, but his thoughts were centered on the chance that M. & O. offered, according to Tommy, to double that \$100 bill he had in his pocket. When he got back to the office he kept on figuring upon it. He looked at the tape and saw that M. & O. was now quoted at 60 3-8.

"Gosh! It's three-eighths higher than when Tommy told me about it. I guess there's a heap of money made out of these here stocks. I've a great mind to buy ten shares of M. & O., and see if I can really double my \$100."

At that moment, Nick called him into the private room and gave him a note to take over to Gaylor's office. There was a ticker in Gaylor's

reception-room, and several persons were looking at the quotations on the tape.

"I see M. & O. is up to 60 1-2," said one man. "I've got 100 shares, and expect to make a good haul out of it by the first of next week."

Billy was so impressed by his words as well as the fact that M. & O. had gone still higher, that on his way back to the office he went up to the little bank, and shoving his \$100 bill in at the margin clerk's window, told him that he wanted to buy ten shares of M. & O. The clerk put the deal through, and told him that whenever he wanted to sell out, all he had to do was to come to the window, turn in his memorandum, and say that he wanted his account closed out, and it would be done at once.

Billy watched the tape with fresh interest that day, and noted with satisfaction that M. & O. continued to advance an eighth of a point at a time, and finally closed at three o'clock, at 62. Then he went home, with a mighty fine specimen of a black eye, to tell his mother that he expected to be a rich man before long, and that he meant to provide her with every luxury including an automobile, one of these days. Billy, however, was not the only one in the office interested in M. & O. as a sure winner, and the firm had gone long on 10,000 shares which Nick had got at 60.

CHAPTER IX.—Eastman & Co.'s First City Customer.

Billy's damaged optic was in a pretty bad shape when he came downtown next morning. He felt ashamed to show up at the office, but didn't know how to get out of it.

Billy's eye was too prominent to be passed unnoticed by the twins when they came in, so they asked him how he got it. He told them the facts of the case, and they were satisfied that it wasn't his fault. When the Exchange opened, Billy saw that M. & O. was quoted at 62 3-8, and he congratulated himself over the chance he saw of doubling that \$100 bill he had put up as marginal security on the ten shares. Nick and Dick also had reason for self-congratulation, for they were \$20,000 ahead so far, on their deal in the same stock. Nick went out about half-past ten, and five minutes later Dick sent Billy with a note to Gaylor. As he opened the corridor door, he almost stumbled into the arms of a man standing outside. Billy stopped and looked at him.

"Comin' in?" he asked, holding the door open.

"Is your name Billy Brown?"

"Yep. What do you want with me?" asked the office boy who didn't fancy the man's face.

"Come out into the corridor. I want to talk with you."

"Haven't got any time to talk with nobody. I've got a message to deliver in a hurry."

"When will you be back?"

"Fifteen minutes, maybe."

"I'll wait for you."

Billy started for the elevator, wondering who the man was, and what he wanted with him. As soon as Billy had gone, the man opened the door and walked inside. Elsie came to the railing, and asked him his business.

"Is Richard Eastman in?"

"Yes."

"Tell him that I'd like to have a few minutes conversation with him."

"Will you give me your name?"

"My name is Huggins."

The stenographer told Dick that a man named Huggins was outside, and wished to see him. Dick concluded to see him at the rail, and walked outside.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked the visitor.

"You are Richard Eastman?"

"Yes."

"I am a lawyer. There is my card," and he handed Dick a cheaply printed piece of paste-board which read as follows: "Lewis Huggins, Attorney at Law, No. — Grand Street."

"Well?" said Dick.

"I have been retained in the interests of Thomas Carboy and William Jackson, now in the Tombs charged with assault and robbery. They waived examination yesterday, as you are aware, and their case will go before the grand jury. I called to see if the matter can be arranged with you in some way so that my clients can be let down easy."

"Arranged with me!" ejaculated Dick. "I think you've got a lot of assurance to come here on such an errand. Jackson made a murderous attack on me with a slung-shot in a cowardly way, and it was only by the merest chance I escaped a serious if not a fatal injury. In the face of that you have the nerve to ask me to let up on him and his associate. Just understand, sir, that I mean to push the case against them to the finish. They ought to go up the river, and I have no doubt they will."

"You could make \$500 by letting up on them," said the lawyer, insinuatingly.

"Trying to bribe me, eh?" replied Dick, angrily. "Leave the office, and don't let me hear any more propositions of that kind or I'll notify the district attorney."

The young broker turned away and entered his room, while the disappointed legal gentleman walked out into the corridor where he waited till Billy came back. He buttonholed the office boy, and offered him \$100 if he would agree to leave town for a few days when the grand jury took up the case of Carboy and Jackson.

"Say, what do you think I am?" replied Billy. "Want me to get into trouble?"

"You won't get into trouble. I'll see that your expenses are paid while you're away, and you'll get the \$100, too. I'll give you \$20 now, to bind the bargain," said the lawyer, pulling out a roll.

"You won't give me nothin'. I wouldn't go back on my bosses for a thousand dollars if you was to offer it to me, so just you mosey," and Billy walked into the office.

He immediately told Dick how the man had tried to bribe him. The young broker was very angry at the lawyer's persistency in the matter.

"I've a great mind to report the matter to the district attorney," he said. "As soon as my brother comes in I'll tell him about it."

Billy returned to his post, and looked at the ticker to see how M. & O. was getting on. He saw that it had gone up to 63. He began to figure up in his mind how much he was worth now.

While he was engaged in this occupation the door opened, and admitted an elderly woman, with sharp features and a vinegary expression.

"Is Mr. Eastman in?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Billy, who had come forward.

"I'd like to see him."

"Let me have your name, ma'am."

"Mrs. Kemp."

"Take a seat, ma'am, and I'll take your name in."

The lady sat down and looked around the office as if she had a grudge against it. Presently, Billy came back and told her to walk into the private room. She did so, and taking a seat close to Dick's desk, looked at him sharply through her spectacles.

"Are you Mr. Eastman?" she almost snapped.

"That's my name, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Seems to me you're pretty young lookin' for a broker."

"I can't help that, madam. How can I serve you?"

"I want to get a new broker, but I dunno whether you'll do or not."

"Give us a trial order and see. It is our aim to do the best we can by our customers."

"Humph! They all say that. Are you a responsible house?"

"I think we are, madam. We have a solid financial backing."

"I don't notice you have any clerks outside. Malbe they're in another room?"

"No, madam; you see the office just as it is."

"You can't be doin' much business with one gal and a small boy."

"We're not doing as much as a larger office, but we are getting on very nicely."

"Could you recommend any good stock for me to buy?"

"You couldn't do better than get in on M. & O. It has gone up three points since yesterday morning, and I look to see it go ten by Monday."

"Are you sure it will go up ten points more?"

"You can't be sure of anything in Wall Street, madam, but as our firm is long on it to the extent of 10,000 shares at this minute, you may judge we place considerable confidence in the stock."

"How much is it worth, to-day?"

"The last quotation was 63."

"And you have 10,000 shares?" said the lady, opening her eyes.

"We control that number."

"I shouldn't have thought you was worth anything like that money. I guess you must be pretty solid, though you do look like a boy. Maybe your partner is older and is backing you."

"No, madam. My brother is my partner, and he's just my age."

"How kin he be your age? He must be older or younger," she said, sharply.

"No, madam. My brother and I are twins."

"Well, you look kind of smart to me, and since there ain't no danger of you bustin' up if you kin buy \$600,000 worth of stock, I think I'll risk my money with you; but I'm comin' down every day to see how things is doin'."

"You are welcome to come as often as you like, during business hours."

"You kin buy me 100 shares of M. & O. on margin. You want \$1,000 on account, I suppose, like the rest of the brokers?"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you charge the same as the other brokers, for buyin' and sellin'?"

"Yes, madam. Twelve dollars and a half for buying 100 shares of any stock the market value of which is \$5 or more. The same for selling."

Mrs. Kemp produced the \$1,000, and Dick made out an order for the purchase of the 100 shares of M. & O. at the market, and handed it to her to sign. Then he gave her a memorandum receipt.

"I'll be down to-morrow mornin' as soon as I kin get here," she said, as she rose from her chair.

"Very well, madam. You will find a chair, and the morning papers at your service. Then you will have the ticker at your elbow and can keep track of your stock."

"That'll suit me. I don't like to be in a place where a lot of men are standin' around the ticker, and a woman ain't got no show."

She nodded at Dick and walked out of the office in time to come face to face with Nick, who had just come up the elevator.

CHAPTER X.—A Thrilling Situation

Mrs. Kemp stopped and stared at Dick's twin brother in the utmost amazement. It seemed to her as if she were looking at the young broker to whom she had just given her order for 100 shares of M. & O. stock. Nick, of course, noticed the astonished look she favored him with, and as he had never seen her before, he guessed she had taken him for his brother Dick. Mrs. Kemp hadn't taken him for Dick, for she knew it was impossible for a person to be in two places at the same time. She had just left Dick at his desk, and what amazed her was to meet his living image outside in the corridor. She had forgotten that Dick had told her he had a twin brother.

"Excuse me, young man, will you tell me your name?" she said to Nick.

"My name is Eastman," replied the young broker.

"Eastman! Why, you can't be the young man I just left in that office."

"Hardly, ma'am. I'm his brother," replied Nick with a smile.

Then Mrs. Kemp remembered.

"Oh, his own brother," she said.

"Yes, ma'am. We look very much alike."

"Why, you're the very picture of him. I never saw two people who looked so much alike. I left an order with your brother for the purchase of 100 shares of M. & O. stock. He recommended it to me as a good investment."

"I don't know any better stock for you to handle at present, provided you don't carry it too long. I should advise you to sell it between 75 and 80."

"You think it will go to 80?"

"I think it will go to 75, and it may go to 80. As we are handling a considerable number of the shares on our private account, it might be advisable for you to trust to our judgment about selling. We don't wish to do this as a regular

thing, but as you are a new customer of ours, we naturally feel a special interest in your deal and would like to see you come out a winner."

"I will be down to-morrow and speak to you about it," she said. "I must go now, as I have business to attend to uptown."

At that moment, Billy came out with an envelope in his hand. He was bound for Gaylor's office with an order to that broker to purchase the hundred shares of M. & O. for Mrs. Kemp. He rushed to the elevator, and the lady followed him, while Nick entered his own office.

"I see we've got a city customer at last, Dick," he said, as he dropped his hat on the top of his desk.

"How did you learn that?" Dick asked, in surprise.

"I met the lady in the corridor," and he proceeded to tell Dick about his meeting with Mrs. Kemp.

Dick laughed.

"It's all right to be twins," he said, "but when two chaps are so much alike as we are, it has its drawbacks."

Elsie appeared, and said that Mr. Fanning was outside.

"Show him in," said Nick, and the broker came in.

"Say, Eastman," said Fanning, "I've got a large order to fill for B. & O., but it has to be done on the quiet, and it won't do for me to buy it in a certain quarter. I'll divide the commission with you, if you'll go around to Einstein & Blumberg, on New Street, and get me a 20,000 block of the shares which that firm holds. You can offer 106 1-8. Tell the firm to deliver it C. O. D. at the National Trust Co."

"All right," replied Nick, "I'll go after it right away."

"Send your statement to my office, and I'll send you my check for half of the commission."

Nick and Fanning went out together and separated in corridor. The young broker hurried over to Einstein & Blumberg's office. He was shown into Einstein's room, and stated his business.

"Are you a broker?" asked Einstein.

"Yes, sir. Here is my card."

"How long have you been in business?"

"Oh, not very long."

"I thought so. Who are you buying this stock for?"

"A customer."

"Are you prepared to pay for it, cash down? I can't sell it to you any other way."

"The stock will be paid for on delivery, Mr. Einstein."

"By a certified check, you understand."

"In cash, if you want it. You can deliver it at once at the National Trust Co., C. O. D. and get your money."

"That is quite satisfactory. I'll send it right over."

Memorandums were exchanged, and Nick left the office. He dropped in at the Exchange gallery to see how M. & O. was going, and found that it was rising now at 64 1-8. Then he returned to his own office. Billy and Elsie were eating their lunch together, with the railing between them. Dick was out. The postman walked in, and handed Nick about a dozen letters.

"I wonder if there are any orders in these?" he muttered, as he carried them into the private room to examine.

Only one of them contained an order, accompanied by a draft on the Manhattan National Bank. The order was for 500 shares of D. & G. at the market, and the draft called for the marginal deposit of \$5,000.

"That is something like it," said Nick to himself. "It's worth a dozen small orders such as we've been receiving of late, though of course, everything counts. Our new customer is John Pollak, hotel keeper, proprietor of the Pollak House, Carthage, Blank County, New York. He must have money. Well, we'll try to take care of Mr. Pollak. Maybe we'll be able to do business with him right along. He seems to be an easy-going kind of man, judging by his letter."

Nick wrote a note to Gaylor telling him to buy the 500 shares for Pollak's account, and enclosing the draft which he indorsed in favor of the broker. He called Billy, and sent him over with the note to Exchange Place. Then he handed the order to Elsie to enter, dictated answers to some of the letters, and to the other correspondents directed her to send market letters for two weeks. He then called on Fanning to notify him that he had filled his order for the 20,000 shares of B. & O. Fanning was engaged, so he waited in the reception-room. As there were no customers in the room at the time, he had the indicator all to himself, and looking over the tape he saw that M. & O. had advanced to 64 7-8.

"That puts us nearly \$50,000 ahead on the deal," he said to himself. "No place like Wall Street for making money, if luck runs with you."

Finally, Fanning's visitor departed, and Nick went in to see him. He had hardly opened his mouth to tell the broker that he had filled his order when a stout, red-faced man rushed in, in a state of great excitement. Utterly ignoring the presence of Nick, he strode up to Fanning and shaking his fist in the trader's face, roared out:

"You have unloaded 30,000 shares of O. & H. on the market a while ago, and broke the price twelve points. Do you know you have ruined me?"

"Were you caught in the slump?"

"I was, and all owing to your action."

"I'm sorry to hear it, old man. Take a seat and cool down. I'll talk to you presently."

"No, you won't. You'll talk to me now. I've lost over \$100,000, and you've got to make that good."

"Don't talk nonsense, Sweet," replied Fanning, impatiently. "I'm willing to do what I can to help you out if you're in a tangle, but as to making good your loss, which I have nothing to do with, why that's sheer twaddle."

"Twaddle!" shouted Sweet. "I'll show you whether it's twaddle or not, if you don't give me your check right away for the amount of my loss."

"Look here, Sweet, you want to talk sense, or get out of this office," replied Fanning, angrily.

"Do you refuse to make good my loss?"

"Of course, I do."

"Then I'll kill you right here," and the in-

furiated man drew a derringer from his pocket and pointed it at Fanning.

The broker turned white, for Sweet looked crazy enough to do anything at that moment. Nick gave a gasp of horrified surprise, then springing from his chair, he struck up the man's hand just as he pulled the trigger.

CHAPTER XI.—In Which Billy Forgets Himself.

The sharp report of the revolver startled every one in the counting-room, and attracted the attention of the people passing in the corridor outside. The bullet hummed past Fanning's ear, and buried itself in the base of the window sill. With a howl of rage, the infuriated visitor turned on Nick, who he had not noticed up to that moment, and tried to cock the weapon with the evident intention of shooting the boy; but Nick was too quick for him and, aided by Fanning, disarmed him as the excited clerks rushed into the room. It took the combined strength of the whole bunch to subdue the half-crazy caller, and they had to sit on him to keep him down. He was clearly not in his right senses. Evidently, he visited Fanning with the determination of getting his money restored to him or taking the broker's life. He would have accomplished the latter point only for Nick's presence in the room, and quick action at the critical moment. Fanning telephoned to the police to come and take Sweet away. He did not intend to prosecute him for the murderous assault, as he believed Sweet to be irresponsible for the time being at least, and he intended to suggest that the unfortunate trader be removed to Bellevue and examined as to his sanity.

"I shan't forget that you saved my life, Eastman," he said to Nick, in a grateful tone. "It was touch and go with me when you butted in and knocked his revolver up. As it was, the ball passed so close to my head that I felt the wind of it. I had a mighty narrow escape, and I won't forget the sensation for a long time, if ever."

There was more excitement when the policemen arrived, and marched the struggling and handcuffed broker to the elevator, carried him downstairs and put him into the patrol-wagon in waiting. When Nick got back to his office, he found Billy telling Elsie about the trouble in Fanning's office, as far as he had been able to learn about it. Billy knew nothing about the important part his boss had taken in the affair, nor was he even aware that Nick had been on the scene from the first.

"This floor will acquire a pretty hard reputation I'm thinking, if there is any more trouble on it," said Nick to his stenographer. "Two shooting scrapes inside of a week is a strenuous record."

Then he told Elsie all the particulars of the case, to which Billy listened on the other side of the railing. He repeated the account to his brother when Dick came in, and then he went to lunch. While he was out, a reporter came in to interview him. Dick supplied the gentleman of the press with all he wanted to learn, and the

evening papers had quite a sensational account of the attempt made by Broker Sweet to shoot Broker Fanning, in the latter's office, and how the latter's life was saved through the prompt interference of Nick Eastman, one of the twin boy brokers of Wall Street. The morning papers had a few additional particulars, and also stated that Sweet had developed a certain form of insanity which would necessitate his removal to an asylum or a sanitarium. Fanning told his friends and acquaintances in Wall Street that Nick Eastman had undoubtedly saved his life, and his statement made the boy broker quite popular among the younger set on the Street.

Soon after ten o'clock that morning, Mrs. Kemp walked into Eastman & Co.'s office. Her usually vinegary aspect was somewhat softened, as if she had forgotten her habitual grouch against things in general, and brokers in particular. She had, as was her custom, read the Wall Street news in her morning paper while eating her breakfast in the dining-room of the boarding-house on West Twenty-sixth Street over which she presided as proprietor, and from what the financial editor said about the prospects of M. & O., she was satisfied that the young brokerage firm to which she had intrusted her \$1,000, had put her on to a good thing in recommending that stock to her attention. The daily market report also showed her that M. & O. had closed the day previous at 65 1-2, and as it was 63 when she gave in her order for the purchase of the hundred shares, she calculated that she was well ahead of the game. Under these circumstances she felt well disposed toward the twin brokers, and if she had had another thousand dollars to spare, she would have carried it down with her to Eastman & Co.'s office, and put it up without any hesitation.

"Want to see Mr. Eastman?" Billy asked her, when she came in.

"Yes, I want to see one of them twins a minute—I don't care which," she replied.

Billy went inside, and told Nick that Mrs. Kemp was outside and wanted to see him.

"You can show her in, Billy," said Nick.

The boarding-house mistress entered with her hands incased in fingerless mitts, and her attitude as stiff as a grenadier on sentry duty.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Kemp. Take a seat," said Nick, while Dick bowed politely to her, as if she was a swell customer.

She was not usually received so courteously at the other broker's offices she had frequented, and it made an impression on her. The lady acknowledged the salute in an uncommonly gracious way for her.

"I notice by the mornin' paper that M. & O. which your partner recommended me to buy has gone up \$2.50 a share since I was in here yesterday mornin'," she said in a complacent tone. "I reckon if you boys are young, you know a thing or two about the stock market."

"It is our business to keep track of it, Mrs. Kemp, otherwise we might as well shut up shop," replied Nick.

"Yes, I expect so. I kind of appreciate what you done for me in advising me to buy that stock, and I reckon I won't lose no money by doin' so."

"I hope not, Mrs. Kemp. M. & O. is really the best thing in the market to-day."

"So the paper says, and I'll allow the editor knows somethin' about it."

"He's paid to keep his finger on the Wall Street pulse, though he's liable to hit it wrong as well as anybody."

"He and you seem to agree, anyway. He said the price would go to between 75 and 80, and that's what you said, too, so I reckon it will. At any rate, I'm goin' to hold on for 75."

"I think you are safe in doing that, but for fear that the market should take a sudden turn the wrong way, I would suggest that you give us an order to sell under 75 if we should find it to your interest to do so."

Mrs. Kemp agreed to that and signed the order, then she went outside, sat down beside the ticker and gave her attention to the quotations that came out on the tape. Suddenly she noticed Billy looking at her in a fixed way.

"What are you lookin' at, young man?" she demanded with a frown.

"Nothin', ma'am," replied the youth, still eying her with a solemn stare.

"Nothin'!" ejaculated the lady, bristling up. "Do you call me nothin', you hop-o'-my-thumb?"

"No, ma'am. I was thinkin'."

"Thinkin' about what?"

"Whether that thing on the back of the chair was a mouse or not."

Mrs. Kemp sprang up with shriek. She had a horror of rats and mice, and the very mention of one set her off. Elsie Grant, who was working at her typewriter only a few feet away, on the other side of the railing, gave a jump when she heard the visitor's shriek. Nick and Dick also came running out of their room to see what the trouble was. Their customer had cleared the space to the door in two leaps, and was in the act of escaping into the corridor, when Nick arrested her flight.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Kemp?" he asked, wondering what could be the cause of her evident alarm.

"I can't stay here," she said, in an agitated tone.

"Why not? What has happened?"

"There was a big mouse on my chair, and I reckon there ain't nothin' I'm more afraid of."

"A mouse!" exclaimed Nick in astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing being in these offices. You must be mistaken. Did you actually see one?"

"Your boy was lookin' at it, and told me it was there."

"Billy, was there a mouse on the chair where Mrs. Kemp was sitting?" asked Nick, beginning to suspect something.

"I ain't sure, sir. I saw somethin' that looked like one on her chair, and as she asked me what I was lookin' at, I told her. Then she jumped up as if she was shot and started for the door. I guess it wasn't no mouse after all."

"Look here, Billy, I'm afraid you played off a joke on Mrs. Kemp. You want to be careful, or you may get into trouble?"

"I can't see as well as I used to before I got that clip in the eye, and I guess I saw crooked that time," replied the youth, demurely.

Nick then assured Mrs. Kemp that there were

no mice in the room or anywhere in the building above the cellar, and she became satisfied it was a false alarm, and sat down again in her chair.

"I s'pose that was one of your tricks, young man," she said, glaring at Billy. "I might have expected that you wasn't any better than the other office boys."

"Sorry I spoke, ma'am," replied the boy, with an innocent look.

Billy winked at Elsie, and the stenographer had to hide her face in her handkerchief for fear Mrs. Kemp would take offense at her amused look. Just then Nick called the boy inside, and sent him over to Gaylor's office with a note, and Billy was glad to escape.

CHAPTER XII.—The Slump in M. & O.

In a few minutes Nick went over to the Exchange. He found considerable excitement around the M. & O. pole. This did not surprise him, as he was looking for the stock to boom at any moment. It had opened at 65 3-4, and was now up 67. The brokers were trying to buy all they could get of it, but as the holders of the stock were of the opinion it would go much higher, it was quite scarce. Inside of an hour, while Nick looked on, it went to 70. Then Nick went around to Gaylor's office, and remained there for another hour. Gaylor had bought, and was holding the 10,000 shares for the firm. He was over at the Exchange. Nick was about to go to lunch, when the broker came in. He called Nick into his private room.

"I've just learned on good authority, that a big bear pool has been formed to break the boom of M. & O. Some of the big guns of the Street are in it with a barrel of money at their back. If I were you, I'd close out your deal rather than chance what might happen," said Gaylor.

"It's going at 73 now. Well, sell us out, and sell Mrs. Kemp's shares, too," said Nick.

"All right," said the broker. "I'll go back and do it. I've sold my own block of 5,000 at 72 3-4."

Nick then went to lunch. When he got back to his office, he found that Mrs. Kemp had gone home for the day. Billy was watching the tape with a good deal of interest.

"Trying to keep track of the market, Billy?" asked Nick, with a smile.

"Yes, sir. I ain't got nothin' else to do."

"Do you find it an interesting occupation?"

"Yes, sir. I'm watchin' to see M. & O. go to 75."

"Why M. & O. in particular?"

"Cause I put that \$100 you gave me into it."

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed Nick. "How came you to do such a thing as that?"

"Tommy Burns, a friend of mine, told me I'd double it if I did."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Sixty and a half."

"Where did you buy the stock?"

"At that little bank on Nassau Street."

"Well, Billy, it's against the rules for brokers' employees to speculate in the market, but as I suppose you didn't know that, I won't say anything. You'd better run around to the little bank and sell your shares right away."

"Can't I hold on for 75?"

"No, Billy. If you want to come out ahead on your real, you must close it out now. It is going at 73, and the market may break any minute from the looks of things. I tell you this because I don't want you to lose your \$100, as well as the profit you have in sight. Get around to the bank, sell out, and don't monkey with stocks any more after this. You are too inexperienced, and would only come to grief."

Billy put on his hat, and scurried around to the bank. "Sell me out," he said to the margin clerk.

"Where's your memorandum of your deal? I don't know you," responded the clerk.

Billy produced it. The clerk looked at it, and made out a paper for him to sign.

"Do I get any money now?" asked Billy.

"Of course not. Come around some time tomorrow and we will have your account made out."

Billy then went back to the office. An hour later the bears made their raid on M. & O. There was excitement to burn in the Exchange over the fight which ensued. The powerful bear clique, however, succeeded in breaking the market, and a panic ensued. When the Exchange closed, M. & O. was down to 62, and weak at that. Many brokers and lots of outsiders had been badly nipped by the slump. Two or three failures were reported in the afternoon papers, and every bull operator wore a glum look. The bears, on the contrary, were jubilant. The clique had made a raft of money, and were celebrating their success in their offices or in the cafes of the neighborhood. The boy brokers felt grateful to Gaylor for the tip that had saved them a profit of \$125,5000. As soon as a settlement had been made, they would be worth in cash, a quarter of a million.

"Mrs. Kemp will have a fit when she reads about the slump in the evening paper," said Nick to his brother.

"I guess she will," laughed Dick. "It's a good thing that you induced her to give us authority to sell her shares at any price we saw fit. She has made something over \$1,000 by signing that paper."

"I guess she won't sleep any to-night. We may expect to see her down here the first thing in the morning."

"No doubt about that. But what do you think, that young rascal of ours, Billy, put that \$100 I gave him the other day, into ten shares of M. & O. at 60 1-2."

"Is that a fact?" said Dick, in some surprise.

"Yes. When I came in from lunch this afternoon, I saw him watching the tape with uncommon interest. I asked him if he was studying the market, and he told me he was looking to see M. & O. go to 75. I then got the facts of the case out of him. Some messenger whose acquaintance he has made, put him up to the deal—told him he could double his money by buying M. & O. with his money. He did it. He would have been squeezed in the slump only that he told me about his little speculation. He sold at around 73, consequently he has more than doubled his investment. I warned him, however, not to do any more business of that sort, and I expect he'll heed my advice."

"Well, I'm going up Broadway to-day to see our tailor," said Dick, putting on his hat. "I suppose you'll escort Miss Elsie to the station as usual," he added, laughingly.

"Probably," replied Nick, with a flush.

Dick went away, and then Nick asked the girl if she was ready to go home. She said she was, and in a few minutes they left the office together. There was no doubt that Nick was very much interested in Miss Adams. She was undoubtedly a lovely girl both in looks and disposition, and the more he saw of her the stronger he became attached to her. It was also evident that she liked him very much, too, and was pleased with the attention he gave her. He walked with her to the station nearly every afternoon, and showed his partiality for her society in different ways that she couldn't help noticing. Dick soon saw it was a case of "spoons" with both, and he chuckled over it in a quiet way, for he had no objection to Elsie as his future sister-in-law, if things turned out that way.

At nine o'clock next morning, Billy was in his chair at the office as usual. He felt like a small capitalist, for according to his figuring, he had made about \$120 on his deal, which made him worth over \$200. That was a small fortune to him. He intended to give his hard-working mother \$50 of that, and buy himself a new suit of clothes as well as other things he needed. The balance he would put in the bank.

"Gee! It was a lucky thing I told the boss about my deal. If I hadn't, I'd have been in the soup now. I was waitin' for the price to reach 75. Tommy Burns told me to be sure and hold it until it got there and then sell. It never got higher than 73 3-8, and now it's down to 62. Tommy Burns isn't so smart as he thinks he is. I guess bankin' on stocks is a dangerous thing for a feller like me, and I'm going to keep out after this, unless I pick up some kind of a real tip I can depend on."

Billy's reflections were interrupted by the appearance of Elsie Grant who came in at half-past nine. They usually had half an hour's talk together, as she seldom had anything to employ her time until after Nick came in and went over the mail. Billy was telling the stenographer about his successful deal in M. & O., when the door opened and in came Mrs. Kemp, looking decidedly worried and anxious.

"The bosses haven't come down yet, ma'am," said the office boy.

"When will they be here?" she asked, sharply.

"In fifteen or twenty minutes," replied the boy, carelessly. "Take a seat, ma'am, and make yourself at home. You'll find yesterday afternoon's quotations on the tape."

The visitor sat down for a minute, but she was so ill at ease that she bounced up and began pacing the office up and down.

"Get on to our new customer. She's trainin' for a six-day walkin' match," said Billy to Elsie.

"I'm afraid she lost money in the fall of the market yesterday afternoon," replied the stenographer, feeling a sympathy for the anxious-looking woman.

"I don't believe she had much money to lose," said Billy.

"If it was only \$100, and that was all her sav-

ings, it means just as much to her as \$1,000 or \$10,000 to some other people."

"That's right. If I'd lost my \$100, I'd be feelin' kinder blue this mornin'."

Five minutes later, Nick came in. Mrs. Kemp grabbed him by the arm.

"Did you sell my stock, Mr. Eastman?" she asked eagerly, before he could wish her good-morning.

"Step into my private room, and I will answer your question," he said, leading the way. "Yes, ma'am," he said, after she was seated beside his desk. "I took advantage of that order you signed, and sold you out when I closed our own deal. You have made something like a profit of \$1,200. I can't give you the exact figures till I get my statement from the broker who put the transaction through for us. I will send you your statement through the mail, and you will get it in the morning. In the meantime, if you want any money I can let you have it."

"Then I haven't lost a rent?" she said, with a look of relief.

"Of course not. I told you that we would do the right thing by you and we have. Your profit will be, as I said before, about \$1,200."

"Mr. Eastman, you are a gentleman, and I shall tell everybody I know how well your firm has treated me. I reckon I don't want any money today. I know it's all right with you. I'll be down tomorrow, some time."

Then she got up, wished him good-morning, and went away looking like her old self.

CHAPTER XIII.—A Chapter of Trouble for Billy.

A few days after the excitement connected with the slump of M. & O. had died away, Eastman & Co. received a letter from their Carthage customer, John Pollak, the hotel keeper, informing them that he was coming to New York and would call at their office. Mr. Pollak's D. & G. shares had gone down several points, after a previous rise, but his margin was still sufficient to keep his deal above the danger line. The twin brokers expected to see the stock advance again as soon as the market picked up once more, for it was a gilt-edge one and was worth more than its present low price.

In fact, the boys thought so well of it that they bought 10,000 shares of it, expecting to realize anywhere from \$50,000 to \$75,000 out of it in a short time. They paid 85 for it. Two days later, around noon time, when both the young brokers happened to be in the office together, the door opened and a stout man who weighed over two hundred pounds, came in. He had a round, full-moon countenance that fairly shone with good nature. Billy came forward and asked his business.

"Is Mr. Eastman in?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir. Both of 'em is in."

"Both of them. What do you mean?"

"Both the partners. What's your name? I'll take it to 'em."

"Pollak, John Pollak, from Carthage, up State."

"Gee! I'd like to see him try to ride the clown's donkey in the circus," chuckled Billy, as he went in to announce Mr. Pollak.

Instead of telling Billy to show him in the boys thought they'd pay their important country customer the honor of going out and greeting him. At that moment the door opened again, and admitted two girls who called to see Elsie.

"Mr. Eastman will see you in a moment," said Billy to the stout visitor. "Step inside the railin'."

Mr. Pollak waddled inside.

At that moment the young brokers left their desks together to meet Mr. Pollak. They forgot what effect their remarkable likeness was almost certain to have on a stranger. Their only thought was to greet Mr. Pollak in their most courteous manner. As the curtains parted and Nick and Dick advanced with outstretched hands to welcome their visitor, the stout gentleman started back with an ejaculation of astonishment and tripped over Billy Brown who, with malicious intent, had slipped down behind him. Billy's idea was to startle the fat man by seizing his ankles, and growing like a dog. This plan he carried out, but his efforts were wasted. The hotel keeper's amazement on seeing two young men looking exactly alike coming toward him, did more to stagger him than anything else could have done. The hold Billy had on his ankles caused him to lose his balance, and down he went backward.

Unfortunately for the office boy, Mr. Pollak's two hundred-odd avoirdupois landed squarely on his back, and the shock was so great that Billy thought the ceiling had tumbled in and buried him under it. Thus the joke was turned against Billy himself, and he didn't appreciate that fact for a cent. At any rate, his body had acted as a buffer, and broke the stout man's fall. While he lay there a picture of discomfited surprise, Nick and Dick sprang forward, and each seizing their visitor by one of his arms, lifted him up and led him half-dazed into their private room, where explanations soon made matters all right. As for Billy, he picked himself up feeling like a wreck, and wondering if an ambulance would have to be summoned to take him to a hospital. Elsie and the two girls who had called to see her, found his predicament exceedingly amusing, but Billy was willing to swear that he didn't see anything funny about it.

"What were you trying to do, Billy?" asked the stenographer merrily.

"Nothin'," growled the office boy, as he retired to his seat, with the impression that a practical joke sometimes acts like a boomerang.

Elsie asked her friends inside the railing, and there was a lot of suppressed laughter between them over Billy's mishap. Billy knew they were laughing at him and it made him mad. It was bad enough to be crushed almost flat under a human piledriver, but to be made a butt of in addition, was worse still. He got up and walked outside into the corridor. Unfortunately, his evil genius followed him even there. One of the A. D. T. boys he had scrapped with in front of the sub-treasury, came along with a message to Fanning!. He noticed Billy's bad eye, which was now encircled by a yellow ring, and he grinned in an exasperating way.

"What are you laughin' at, you lobster?" said the office boy, who was in bad humor.

"Wot's the matter wit' youse?" replied the messenger.

"You'll find out in about two seconds, if you give me any back talk. Understand?"

"Aw, go chase yerself!"

"I'll chase you," cried Billy, making a dive for him.

The messenger started to run, but slipped on the marble floor and went down on his hands and knees.

Billy couldn't stop and pitched over him, landing against a tall, thin individual dressed in black, with a solemn and sanctimonious countenance, who at that moment issued from a nearby office door. The person who had the misfortune to stop rather unsuccessfully, Billy's headlong plunge, was a collector of subscriptions for a big missionary society. Both he and the office boy fell against the door of the office the former had come out of, and the collector's elbow struck the frosted glass with such force that it crashed in with a racket that startled all the clerks. The A. D. T. messenger scooted around into the next corridor and entered Fanning's office, while Billy, aghast at the sight of the smashed pane of glass, hustled back into his own office as fast as he could go. He took up the morning newspaper, and seemed to be very much interested in it.

"What happened in the corridor, Billy?" asked Elsie.

"Nothin'," he replied.

At that moment the door opened and one of Butler's clerks, followed by the missionary collector, came in. Billy never made a move.

"Billy," said Elsie, "go and see what those men want."

The office boy advanced very unwillingly.

"That's the boy," said the collector, pointing at Billy.

"Look here, young man, did you break the glass of our door?" asked the clerk.

"No. I fell against that gent, and he busted it."

"Well, it was your fault," said the collector.

Billy denied that it was his fault.

"One of them A. D. T. messengers was the cause of it. He tripped me up and I fell against this gent."

The clerk wanted to know who the messenger was, but Billy couldn't tell him.

"Well, I'll have to hold you responsible for the damage," said the clerk.

"I won't pay for it. The gent done it; make him pay."

At that moment Dick Eastman came out of the private room with his hat on.

"What's the trouble here?" he asked.

The clerk told him, Billy made his explanation, and the collector had something to say also.

"Seems to me that it was an accident," said Dick. "You can't expect this boy to pay for it. The house will put in a new glass, and the lettering won't cost much. You can send the painter to us, and we'll pay whatever he charges. Here, Billy, take this note over to Gaylor's."

CHAPTER XIV.—Business Picks Up with Eastman & Co.

"What are you talkin' about?" responded Tommy.

"You told me to buy M. & O., and hold it till it reached 75."

"I told you right, didn't I? M. & O. boomed up into the 70s."

"It didn't go to 75."

"I was sure it would go to 75 or 80, but you can't always be certain. Did you get caught in the shuffle?"

"No, I didn't. I got a tip to sell at 73, and sold."

"You was lucky."

"I guess I was. I made \$118.25. I wouldn't have made nothin' if I'd followed your advice."

Nick and Dick took Mr. Pollak to Delmonico's to lunch, and the combination created something of a sensation in that swell restaurant. Nick ordered a fine lunch, and when they had finished, tipped the waiter with a dollar bill. A week later, D. & G. went up to 91, and the young brokers sold out Pollak's shares at a profit to him of \$20,000. They also sold their own block of 10,000, and cleared \$60,000. About this time Dick and Billy were summoned before the grand jury to give their evidence against Carboy and Jackson, who having failed to get bail, were in the Tombs. An indictment was found against the rascals, and sent to the district attorney's office. Two or three nights later as Nick was returning home from a visit to Elsie Grant, he was attacked by four toughs, who mistook him for Dick, and he would have been seriously injured but for the opportune arrival of a policeman on the scene. The roughs made their escape, and next morning they read in the paper that they had tackled the wrong twin. The next time Nick called on his lady-love at her home, he carried a small revolver in his pocket, but he was not molested.

Mrs. Kemp, after calling for the money coming to her, did not appear at Eastman & Co.'s office for nearly two weeks, then she showed up one day with a swell-looking lady, whom she introduced to Nick as Mrs. Lawson, an actress, staying at her boarding-house. Mrs. Lawson had acquired a tip somewhere on S. & T. stock, and she wanted to buy 300 shares. Nick took her order, and also one from Mrs. Kemp, for 200 shares of the same stock. One of Mrs. Kemp's gentlemen boarders came in on the following day, and left an order with the firm for 50 shares of that stock, too. The price of the shares was 72, and their combined value \$39,600. As the young brokers were worth over \$300,000 now, Nick didn't send the orders to Gaylor to fill, but went around among the brokers and bought the shares outright. The firm was thus enabled to secure the whole of the commission, as well as the interest on their money, same as any of the regular brokers. The boys adopted the same method with all their out-of-town orders, of which they now had a goodly number.

They soon had their whole capital invested in stock belonging to their various customers, and they now felt that they were as good as any broker, except they could not buy direct on the Stock Exchange, not being members of that institution. As more orders came in, they began to hypothecate the larger blocks of stock in order to raise funds to carry the later orders. In case of need they could always fall back on Gaylor, and divide profits with him. Mrs. Lawson's tip on S. & T. turned out a winner, so that she, Mrs. Kemp and the gentleman boarder made \$12 a share profit out of their deals. The boarding-

house lady having been so successful in her last two deals, now became almost a daily visitor at the office of Eastman & Co. She was also the means of sending the boys a number of customers from her house and neighborhood. Most of these were women who at first accompanied her to Wall Street, out of curiosity to see the two young brokers who bore such a strong likeness to each other.

"You ought to add to your sign, 'Ladies' trade a specialty,'" laughed Fanning, to Nick one day.

"Thank you for the suggestion," replied the young broker. "Maybe we'll try the effect of it in our standing advertisements."

He talked the idea over with Dick.

"If we propose to cater to the ladies, we need better and more commodious quarters," said Dick. "I meant to talk to you about it before. We added three new lady clients to our list yesterday, and two the day before. The fair sex ought to have a room entirely to themselves."

"Well, I guess you're right. VanDyke told me that Jones the architect, next door on our right, is going to move to Broadway. I'll see the superintendent about it, and if the suite is actually going to be vacant it would be advisable for us to take it in connection with this room, which can then be used as a reception parlor for the ladies. This private alcove of ours we'll fit up with small desks for the women to use as a writing room," said Nick.

"That will be just the thing. Then we'll have as swell a suite of offices as any broker on this floor below, I dare say."

Nick didn't lose any time in consulting the superintendent of the building about the rooms next door.

"Yes, Jones is going to leave us," said the official. "His lease runs up to the first of May. He'll be glad to transfer it over to you if you want the suite."

Accordingly, Nick called on Jones and stated the object of his visit. The architect replied that Eastman & Co. could have the lease for the rest of the time it had to run.

"I'm going to move out in a few days," he said, "and you can take possession immediately after."

Nick accompanied him downstairs to the agent's office, and the transfer was made in due form. One week later the architect vacated the suite, and the rooms were taken possession of by the twin brokers. The smaller room they fitted up as a private office, the main room was railed off as a counting-room and general waiting-room, while their old office was refurnished especially for the accommodation of their lady customers. The sign on the first door read, "Eastman & Co. Private." On the second door, "Eastman & Co. Stocks and Bonds." On the glass of their old office door, "Eastman & Co. Ladies' Reception Room." The spreading out of the boy brokers surprised the other traders on that floor.

"The Eastmans are certainly on the boom," said Fanning to VanDyke, one morning when the two brokers saw the three signs staring them in the face.

"That's right. Those boys are comers. They couldn't afford to take the two additional rooms if they weren't doing business," replied VanDyke.

"I'm glad to see them getting on," said Fan-

ning. "Nick Eastman saved my life, you know, when that crazy Sweet drew his derringer on me, and there isn't anything I wouldn't do for Nick, or his brother either, for that matter."

Nick added a couple of lines to the firm's standing advertisements calling the attention of ladies interested in Wall Street matters to the special facilities offered by their office for the transaction of business connected with the market. The boy brokers now found it necessary to employ a regular bookkeeper, as Elsie had enough work in her regular department to keep her going all the time. Their mail orders and general correspondence had increased to such an extent that it took up a good part of Dick's time to look after this branch, while Nick devoted himself to the city customers.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

It was about this time that Dick Eastman made the acquaintance of a very pretty girl named Edith Cushman, at a reception to which he and his brother were invited. She was the daughter of the secretary of the Eastern Coal and Iron Corporation, and it was a case of love at first sight with them. Dick asked permission to call on her at her home and being accorded that privilege, soon became a regular visitor. Reports had lately been appearing in the financial papers that the Eastern Coal and Iron Corporation was negotiating for the control of the S. & P. Short Line Railroad Company which connected their section of the coal region with Scranton. Owing to mismanagement and one thing or another, the stock of the S. & P. had depreciated in the market, and was looked at askance by the big operators. While it was known that the coal and iron company had made overtures looking to the consummation of a deal, it was also known that the people in control of the road did not look with favor on a transfer of their interests. Wall Street, therefore, did not put much faith in the latest rumors to the effect that an arrangement satisfactory to both sides had been reached. One evening when Dick called on his girl he asked her in an offhand way if she had heard her father say anything about the deal between the companies.

"Why, yes," she replied, "father told mother last night that his company had practically acquired the control of the railroad. He said the papers were now being drawn up and would be signed the first of next week. He also told mother that he had bought quite a block of the railroad stock at a price that would yield him a handsome profit when the deal was finally announced to the public."

Dick told Nick next morning what he had learned from Edith Cushman about the deal between the coal and iron corporation, and the S. & P. Railroad Company.

"S. & P. is going at 42," he said. "It is sure to jump above 50, and may go to 60 when the deal is known to be an assured fact. We can't afford to let such a chance get away from us."

"Well," said Nick, "as our capital is all tied up, we'll have to raise the coin on the securities we have in the safe-deposit vault."

"Then raise \$150,000 at any rate right away,

and get Gaylor to buy 15,000 shares of the stock for us."

Nick carried a boxful of stock certificates to the Manhattan National Bank, and raised the sum he wanted on the larger part of them. Then he called on Gaylor and gave him the order. Mrs. Kemp was in the private office talking to Nick when Gaylor's messenger brought him a note informing him that the stock had been bought and was held by the broker subject to Eastman & Co's order. The boarding missus had just dropped \$1,000 in an unlucky deal, and she was feeling glum.

"I wish you'd put me on to something good that would get me back that money," she said to Nick.

"Well, you might give me an order to buy you some S. & P." he answered. "I have an idea it will boom inside of two weeks."

Mrs. Kemp had so much confidence in his judgment that she said she would buy 300 shares of it. Next morning Mrs. Kemp, who was recognized by the other lady customers as a sort of favored person in the office, told a bunch of fair speculators that they couldn't do better than buy S. & P. if they wanted to get in on a good thing. The result was, that Nick was surprised by a small avalanche of orders for S. & P. stock, from ten shares up to 100. Nick carried the bunch of orders to Fanning, explaining that the firm was short of ready cash temporarily, and therefore couldn't carry any more stock than they already had. He didn't hint that the firm was in on a private speculation of its own, which was the real reason why money was tight with them.

"Why, most of these orders are for S. & P.," said Fanning. "What's doing in that stock?"

"Nothing that I know of, outside the rumors that are flying around about its consolidation with the coal and iron company. One of our customers bought 300 shares of the stock yesterday afternoon, as you know, for you filled it for us, and I judge she's been talking about the deal among the other women, and filling them up with anticipations of what she expects to make out of it."

"I see," laughed Fanning. "And the others took the cue like a lot of sheep."

"I suppose so," replied Nick.

Fanning said he would fill the orders right away. He went to the Exchange to attend to the matter, but soon found that it was not easy to find S. & P. shares. He was surprised at this, because a week before the stock was a drag on the market. As the combined bunch of orders did not amount to over 500 shares, he finally secured what he wanted at 44. In the meantime more women customers of Eastman & Co. got it into their heads that they wanted S. & P., and Nick got orders for 600 additional shares. He sent the orders in to Fanning's office, and Fanning's messenger carried them to him at the Exchange. Fanning himself was now satisfied that there was something doing in the stock.

"Looks to me as if there is something more than wind in that consolidation business," he said to himself. "The shares are dead scarce all at once, when a few days ago you could pick up all you wanted at 42 and even lower. Now the price is stiff at 44, and it looks as if it would go higher before long. From the rush of orders that Eastman has got from his lady customers all at once, it would seem as if one of them had been tipped off to a coming rise in this stock and then

passed the pointer around. Now a man would hardly give a good thing away except to some particular friend; but you never can tell what a woman will do."

Fanning while communing with himself, was trying to fill his second batch of orders for S. & P. from Eastman & Co. He finally did so. About this time Billy Brown got on to the fact that a whole lot of the customers of the house were buying S. & P.

"Gee! I'll bet there's goin' to be a boom in it. I guess I'll forget what the boss said about keepin' out of the market and buy fifteen shares with my \$150 I've got in the bank. I'm just itchin' to double that money," he said to himself.

So he drew out his money and taking it around to the little bank in Nassau Street, ordered the margin clerk to buy fifteen shares for his account. Next day omre of Eastmans' customers wanted S. & P. shares, and Fanning began to have the time of his life trying to secure the stock for the twin firm.

"Say, there will be high jinks in this office when the news of the consolidation comes out and S. & P. booms up ten or fifteen points," laughed Dick. "Two-thirds of our customers are in on it. This will give us a boost among the women sure as you live. This will be the finest firm in the Street with them, after they have won a bunch of money through us."

"You're right. Mrs. Kemp has done us a good turn by shooting off her mouth about the stock," replied Nick. "By the way, Dick, I want to tell you a secret."

"What is it?" asked his brother, curiously.

"I called on Elsie last night."

"I know you did," laughed Dick. "You're over to her house at least twice a week, regularly."

"Last night I asked her to marry me."

"And she said she would, I suppose."

"Yes. I'm going to ask her mother to-night."

"I congratulate you, Nick. She's a fine girl."

"That's what she is. How about you and Miss Cushman?"

"Oh, we're as good as engaged. We understand each other. I'm trying to get up spunk enough to approach her father."

Here their conversation was interrupted by Billy announcing a customer to see Nick, and he was told to show the lady in. During the next few days S. & P. began to advance slowly until it reached 48. The attention of all the brokers was attracted to this advance, and a rush was made by them to buy it, in anticipation of a higher rise. That sent the price to 50. Some of Eastmans' customers sold out at that figure, and went away satisfied with the profit they had made, but the majority, after talking with Mrs. Kemp, held on. On Tuesday of the following week, S. & P. was up to 53, with the Street crazy to buy it, but there was little for sale at that price. At noon that day the announcement of the consolidation was made, and S. & P. jumped to 60 in fifteen minutes.

"That's high enough for us Dick," said Nick. "I'm going to send word to Gaylor to sell our block."

"All right," replied his brother. "We stand to win over \$25,000."

Nick called Billy, and sent him with the message to Gaylor. Gaylor was at the Exchange,

and Billy carried the note to him there. He found the floor in a fever of excitement over S. & P. He remembered that it looked that way before the slump in M. & O.

"I guess I'll sell out now, and be on the safe side," he said to himself.

Accordingly on his way back, he dropped in at the little bank and ordered his fifteen shares sold. On his way back to the office he figured he had made nearly \$250. Nick called Mrs. Kemp into the inner room and advised her to sell at the present figure, and she gave him her order to do so. No sooner did she retire than the crowd of excited ladies in the reception-room began sending in their orders to sell. Evidently the boarding-house lady had passed the tip around. At any rate, everybody sold out around 60, and next day S. & P. dropped to 55. There were high jinks in the reception-room next day when the ladies collected their money. Every one was prepared to swear by Eastman & Co. The result was that the twin firm soon had a large accession of lady patrons. Women who had been dealing with other firms, flocked to Eastman & Co. Nick and Dick now became the recognized brokerage firm for the fair sex, and their reputation spread far and wide over the city. Their S. & P. deal had netted them \$270,000, profit, making them worth nearly \$600,000—a nice big capital with which to conduct their growing business.

It was about this time that Dick and Billy were summoned to the criminal court to testify in the trial of Carboy and Jackson. The rascals were convicted, and got a heavy sentence in Sing Sing. On the strength of their \$600,000 capital, Dick asked Mr. Cushman for the hand of his daughter Edith, and received a favorable reply. One year from that time the twin boy brokers were married to their particular divinities, and took up housekeeping in twin houses they built for themselves in Mount Vernon.

Next week's issue will contain "AFTER THE GOLDEN EAGLES; or A LUCKY YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER."



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TURNED AWAY

— OR —

A BOY IN SEARCH OF HIS NAME

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"But there is no passage for a ship, Dolf. There isn't water enough for a boat, even."

"High tide make water 'nuff, some 'tic'lar day, Mars Clif. My grandfather say dey was a big high tide. My fader him say boat come in some day, not ev'y day. Him put down when can come in, and him put down oder marks for show place where chest am put in de ground."

"And you think you can get the chests? They were buried at low-water mark, you say? That was a hundred years ago. The shore may have changed greatly since."

"Mebbe so; me no sabby dat. All same him tell 'bout heap plenty shingle, heap plenty big rock 'long shore. Him no change in hundred year, him dere all de time."

"And you have the chart, Dolf?"

"H'm, me got um, me keep safe. Me tell Jock, 'cause him West Injy man, too; him moder my moder sister, him fader white man, my fader black man, all same me an' Jock 'lations; him good fellah, me tell um, nobody else."

"Let me see the chart," said Clif.

"You stay, help um dig for chest?"

"Yes; but I won't go back to the other side. If we find even one chest, it will be something. There is a very high tide now, as you can see, and the boat will float even loaded down with a heavy chest. But, see here, Dolf, if you tell me this, you may have told Captain Hazeltine, too."

"No tell cap'n," said Jock. "Him take ev'ying. You good fellah, you take on'y yo' part. We give Missee Ada, she fader, Mars Clif, an' Tom boy plenty money, we no give cap'n nossing. Him want all, him know."

"Yes, I suppose he would. But how are we going to get the chests up, even if we find where they are buried? We want falls, derricks, picks, and a lot of things. We could not get them over this side without the captain knowing about it."

"H'm, dat so," said Jock, scratching his head, while Dolf looked puzzled. "Me no tink o' dat. Me tink me find place, den dig up chest, den take away. All white man got heap more sense dan half black man; half white man sabby more dan black man all same Dolf."

"Sometimes," said Clif, with a smile. "However, we will try and get over the difficulty. The first thing to do is to locate the place where the chests are buried. Let me see the chart, Dolf. You can trust me."

"Yes, trus' Mr. Clif' werry much," said the cook, and from inside his cotton shirt he took a flat package wrapped in oiled silk and tied with waxed thread and handed it to Clif.

"Him got piece tin top side, oder side, keep him flat," said Dolf. "Den him got oil silk keep him

dry. Him write on werry tick paper, no can break him, all same ledder—you sabby?"

"Yes, it's parchment, I suppose," answered Clif. "That's why it has lasted so long. Well, let's have a look at it and see what we can make out of it."

He was about to cut the waxed thread with his knife when he heard sounds in the grove in back of the camp, and thrust the package inside his shirt just as Captain Hazeltine appeared, followed by four or five of the men from the schooner.

CHAPTER XV..

Another Disappointment.

The master of the Mary Ann uttered a hoarse laugh as he caught sight of Clif and his party, and said:

"Well, I'm stumped if it isn't Mr. Clif! Found Smugglers' Island so attractive that you had to come back to it, hey boy? Well, you're welcome. Fixed up a shanty with the boat, hey? Didn't have as comfortable quarters as you'd've had on the old hooker, though, did you? Didn't want to disturb us, I suppose, an' so you camped out for the night? That was considerate o' you. Still, you'd've be'n welcome, just the same. Glad to see you, my son, any time you want to drop in, day or night. Always got a welcome for you, boy, so don't let that worry you none."

"I declare for it, if this ain't what you might call providential. Got out o' your reckonin' in the fog, I suppose, an' so drifted right back home agin and never knowed it. I run in myself to get clear of a too inquisitive feller that was nosin' around. I guess the storm kep' him from keepin' too close to the island, and I don't believe we'll see him again."

Clif said nothing, for his disappointment was too deep for words, and the captain continued:

"Well, I thought I'd come out and see what had happened to my cook and steward, and as there's a regular path through the woods and over the hills to this part of the island, that'll save a lot of travelin' when you know it, I took it and here I find all I was lookin' for an' more. Now you're ready to go back with me, o' course?"

"I don't see any help for it, captain," said Clif, quietly, "but I want to warn you that I'll get away again just as soon as I have an opportunity, and that I will not be a partner with you in your nefarious business, as you want me to."

"Well, my son," answered Hazeltine, with a dry laugh, "it's honest in you to tell me what you intend doin', but I've got my notions as well as you have, an' I reckon I've got grit enough an' nerve enough to help me carry 'em out. Now I guess we'll go back to the other side an' think over what's gotter be done next."

Clif saw that it was useless to resist, and so he submitted with a good grace, making up his mind however, that he would carry out his avowed intention of escaping as soon as an opportunity offered.

"You've got our boat here, and we're goin' to want it," continued the captain. "We'll go around the other way, some of us, and you can go across. Here you, Jock and Dolf, take holt o' that there boat and put it in the water."

The tide was still high enough to float the boat, and, taking the cook and steward with him, Hazeltine left the shore, while Clif and the others went by the path to the other side of the island, which they reached in about half an hour.

Then went on board the schooner at once, and in half an hour Hazeltine arrived.

Then the boats were taken up, the anchor was raised, the sails were unfurled and set, and in a short time the vessel was headed for the secret channel leading to the sea.

The captain sent Clif to the wheel, and stood alongside to give him directions.

Clif saw that the passage out was not as dangerous as that in to the island, although it had been hazardous enough in a little boat and at night.

They were soon in the open sea, and then Clif was relieved, and the course was set so as to leave the island several miles distant on their starboard beam.

"That means we are going to the southeast," said Clif to Dolf, at the galley door. "Where are we bound, Dolf? To the West Indies?"

"Reckon we is, Mars Clif, an' dat mean we hab to wait noder time for get up chest. Me werry sorry, but can't help dat. Oder time mebbly me hab more better luck. Me wait long time now, me no mind wait lilly bit longer."

By noon the island was out of sight, but there was land to be seen dimly on the western horizon, but this, too, faded from sight in another hour, and they were on the open sea.

The boys were in the starboard watch, and on that day had the afternoon on deck, which would give them the midwatch from twelve at night to four in the morning.

There was not much to be done during the afternoon, and Clif had many opportunities to walk on deck with Ada and discuss their plans.

"I thought he might put you ashore," said Clif, "but it looks now as if he would take you to the West Indies, where he seems to be bound.

"We haven't had the last of yesterday's storm," said Tom. "It cleared in the night, you know, and we're bound to catch it again soon."

That they had not had all they were going to have was evident when the boys came up on deck at midnight.

The captain had been called, as there was a squall coming, and he at once ordered the top-sails taken in and the larger sails closely reefed.

They were at work when the squall struck them with terrific force.

Clif was at work on the deck when a great wave struck the quarter, leaped over the taffrail, and dashed the helmsman against the house, bruised and helpless.

The wheel spun around, they were taken aback, the boom swung over, and a heavy block, becoming loosened, fell from aloft directly toward the captain.

Clif saw the man's danger by the glare of the lightning, and threw himself violently against him.

The block went crashing through the frame of the skylight, right where the man's head would have been had he not moved.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Clif. "Better be rude than have you killed."

Then he dashed to the wheel and put the vessel on her proper course as the captain called for men to secure the boom.

A quarter of an hour later, when they were dashing along before the gale, but in no great danger for the time, Hazeltine sent for Clif to come into the cabin.

"My boy," said the man, "this is twice you've done me a good turn. I was going to make you go with me, whether you wanted to or not, but now I'm goin' to try an' coax you. You might as well. I like you an' I'll push you for'ard. Another thing. You don't know your name, an' it ain't likely you'll ever know it, so you're better off with me."

"You said you knew, and would tell me if I agreed to go with you," said Clif, quietly.

"So I did, but I lied. I don't know your name. All I know is that you're the boy I picked up seventeen years ago. There ain't two boys in the world with birthmarks the same, and I know yours. That's all I do know. But neither me nor you will ever know your real name."

"Then I shall make one for myself, but not with you, Captain Hazeltine."

Tom Brown's prediction that they had not had the last of their storm was verified.

Squall succeeded squall in quick succession, and each seemed to be worse than the one before it.

All the sails were closely reefed, till they were almost under bare poles, and still there seemed to be no respite.

The great waves raced after them, breaking upon the quarter, and sweeping right to the bow; everything movable was carried away, and it was impossible to remain on deck without life-lines.

The wind grew fiercer every moment, and the pursuing waves more tumultuous, till at length the captain said:

"The waves are worse'n the wind, Mr. Watson. What do you say to puttin' our head to 'em? I don't like seas breakin' over the quarter. They're risky."

"So they are, cap'n, but it's more risky tryin' to go about. Like enough when we get in stays it'll be wuss for us."

"Mebbe so an' mebbly not. 'Tenny rate, when we do get about we'll be better off."

In a few minutes the wind suddenly died out, and Hazeltine said:

"Now's our time to go about before another one comes."

"You'll have to hurry, then, for you can't tell when the next one'll strike us. I wouldn't advise it, sir."

The captain was obstinate, however, and shouted:

"All hands, there! Stand by to go in stays!"

"Aye, aye, sir! Stand by for stays!"

"Down with your wheel!"

"Down it is, sir!"

"Loose the jib sheet!"

"Let go the jib, sir!"

"Ready about!"

"Aye, aye!"

The men were all at their places, working like beavers, well knowing the danger of going about at such a time.

(To be continued.)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

HOW TO REMOVE TATTOO MARKS

Tattoo marks, made with India ink, may generally be removed by being first well rubbed with a salve of pure acetic acid and lard, then with a solution of potash, and finally with hydrochloric acid.

ENRAGED BULL RUNS AMUCK IN SPANISH CROWD; MANY GORED

A bull on its way to the bull ring escaped from a railroad van and charged the crowd that had assembled at the station at Valencia, Spain, to see the beasts arrive. Felix Rodriguez, a toreador, tried in vain to master the bull with a pointed iron rod in lieu of a sword.

Several policemen fired their revolvers at the bull, but merely wounded two bystanders. It was with the greatest difficulty that the bull ring attendants finally mastered the animal. Several persons were severely gored.

INSULIN FROM ACORNS

Insulin from acorns is now an accomplished fact, according to reports from Germany. It will be placed on the market soon, says an item reprinted in the Medical Journal and Record. This vegetable insulin will be concentrated in tablet form, and will be, it is expected, cheaper than the type now gotten from animals.

Insulin has usually been derived from the pancreas of freshly killed animals, but it is not confined to the pancreas alone. Professor Brugsch of Berlin, who discovered the way to make insulin from acorns, found in his researches that the substance occurred especially in plants where much starch is formed.

TESTING SILK

One of the simplest tests for silk is to take two or three square inches and apply a light to them. Pure silk will burn quickly and leave only a tiny bit of ash. The adulterated samples, on the other hand, will burn very slowly, and in place of the ash there will be a black or brown substance. This substance consists of the chemicals which may fuse, but which do not burn in

the ordinary sense of the word. The most common adulterants of silks are tin, zinc, antimony, epsom salts, gum arabic, glucose, potato starch and magnesia. The amount of this weighting, as it is called, varies, but no article is pure silk which contains any of these constituents.

Although the price may be lower in the beginning, these adulterated silks are by all odds the most expensive in the end, because they will not give the wear that a genuine silk fabric will give. In fact, so heavily weighted are some of them that they practically fall to pieces before the dress has been worn a few weeks. In these days of constant change of fashion one may argue that one does not object if a dress lasts only a season, but it does not pay to make up many of these adulterated silks, and, at least, all of us desire to receive the full value in merchandise for our money.

LAUGHS

"So you and your next-door neighbor are not on speaking terms. What's the trouble." "Why, he sent me a box of axle-grease and advised me to use it on my lawn mower." "Well?" "I sent it back and advised him to use it on his daughter's voice."

Father (sternly)—Fighting again! Didn't I tell you if any of the other boys angered you to count 20 before you said anything? Tommy—Yes, sir; but I didn't need to say anything. Before I'd counted 12 the other boy yelled "Enough!"

"They're six fine sons ye have, Casey," said Denis Flaherty to his friend. "They are," replied Casey proudly. "Do ye have any trouble with them?" inquired Flaherty. "Trouble?" repeated Casey. "I've never had to raise my hand to one of them, except in self-defense!"

Two Marylanders, who were visiting the National Museum at Washington, were seen standing in front of an Egyptian mummy, over which hung a placard bearing the inscription "B. C. 1187." Both visitors were much mystified thereby. Said one: "What do you make of that, Bill?" "Well," said Bill, "I dunno; but maybe it was the number of the motor car that killed him."

"You think your son would make us a satisfactory errand boy, do you?" inquired the merchant. "Whatever he does, sir, he does very quick," replied Mrs. Moriarity. "James," said the merchant, "take this package down to Captain Centerfield at the ball grounds and be back in twenty minutes." "Niver moind Jimmy! Coom on home! It's not a bye they're wanting—it's an angel."

"As I understand it, doctor, if I believe I'm well I'll be well. Is that the idea?" "It is." "Then if you believe you're paid, I suppose you'll be paid?" "Not necessarily." "But why shouldn't it work as well in one case as in the other?" "Well, you see, there is considerable difference between having faith in the Almighty and having faith in you."

HANDSOME CHARLIE'S CRIME

Once, when in the course of my profession, I had followed a criminal to England, I made the acquaintance of a brother professional of the detective force of London. He was one of their best, and I cultivated his acquaintance. A genuine friendship sprang up between us, and at parting we mutually agreed to keep each other posted when notorious criminals left either country. Having learned from my friend that a certain English criminal, Handsome Charlie, might be expected in New York by a certain steamer, I went to the pier when she came in.

A young man, not more than twenty-eight or thirty, well-formed, with small side whiskers and well-trimmed mustache. Handsome he certainly was, and the last man in a thousand one would have picked out as a hardened wretch and desperate rascal. Yet such he was, and shrewd, too, in the bargain. So shrewd, that although half a dozen murders had been imputed to him, he had never left traces enough behind to enable them to convict him. Only several months before an English baronet, returning to his home in the country in a carriage, had been stopped on the road, murdered, and a big sum of money he had had that day paid to him was stolen.

This was also supposed to be Handsome Charlie's work, but they could obtain no proof. That I looked closely at a man with such a reputation as this the reader can imagine. I kept my eye on him for a few days, and kept myself informed concerning his movements until he bought an elegant estate on the Harlem railroad, not far distant from Brewsters. Settling here, he lived like a prince, and perhaps on this side of the Atlantic I was the only man who knew his real character. As months rolled by I began to look for some crime of English Charlie's conception, but during this time, I learned that he lived quietly but elegantly with the woman he called his wife.

"Perhaps he has reformed," I thought, and at last I began to seriously entertain the idea. It might have been a year after I had seen him come off of the steamer, that one day we at headquarters were startled by the details of a most horrible murder. I chanced to be idle at the time, and the chief put me on the case. The murdered man was an old bachelor, and a Wall Street broker, and the incentive of the burglar had been the sum of twenty thousand dollars in United States bonds, which the unfortunate man had in his room. He had received the bonds too late the afternoon before to do anything with them except to keep them until the next morning. Some one had known this, and ere the morning came had robbed and murdered the broker.

Now, who was the some one? That was what was left to me to discover, and a sweet job I knew it would be the moment I clapped my eyes on the room. There on the bed lay the broker. He had been choked to death. I glanced around the place, then commenced and examined every inch of it thoroughly. Not the first thing could I find on which to base a clue. I called on his

sister, with whom he had lived, and questioned her about her servants. Not one of them could be suspected, for they did not know of the bonds, and neither had she. I then asked her if anything was missing besides the bonds. She did not know, but going to the room where her brother lay she scrutinized closely.

"Yes," she said in answer to my question. "His watch is gone, also his diamond studs and a pair of cuff-buttons—they were large rubies surrounded by diamond sparks!" And this was the only thing I had to work on. Had the bonds been registered, the moment one of them appeared on the market I could have traced it back; but as they were not—a fact probably known to the murderer in the beginning—he was safe so far as they went.

Perhaps I was never in a deeper quandry than I was over this murder. Study as I might I could evolve no plan, could decide on no step to take which promised the least show of success. Of one thing, however, I was satisfied—that it had been the work of a man who was a peer among criminals in ability. And I thought of Handsome Charlie. But no, he could hardly be the man, and I dismissed him from my mind. I finally was forced to confess to myself that only luck and not skill would ever disclose who the murderer was. But luck was with me, as you will see.

I made a tour of the pawn-shops in search of a watch, studs, and sleeve-buttons, which I described. None had been received that answered the description. I was strolling along the Bowery one night, engrossed in thinking of the conundrum which I was trying to solve, when chancing to cast my eyes towards the interior of a pawnbroker's sales-store, I caught the brilliant flash of an immense ruby. Expecting disappointment, and yet unwilling to let anything pass, no matter how trivial, I opened the door and entered. A man with a full brown beard stood at the counter, and the proprietor was offering him an amount of money for something which he did not care to accept.

"Well," he grumbled finally, casting an uneasy glance at me, "well, let me have it." I saw him so place his body as to prevent my seeing the article, whatever it was, as he placed it in the other's hand. Taking the money, he turned to go. The suddenness of the movement attracted the proprietor's attention, and in turning he unconsciously gave me a glimpse of a pair of ruby cuff-buttons, surrounded by diamond sparks. The brown-bearded man was near the door. There was no time for words, so I took several prodigious leaps and grasped his shoulder. So quickly that I thought I was by a flash of lightning, the fellow turned and planted his fist square between my eyes. But I had too good a grasp on his shoulder, and hung on like grim death.

Spat—spat! While trying to draw my revolver with my disengaged hand, I got two sturdy blows on my face and then a terrific kick on the shin; with a howl of pain I dropped, but dragged him with me. Over and over we rolled in fierce combat. Supple as a cat and an accomplished wrestler, he was getting the best of me when I yelled for some one to go for the police, and then fastened my teeth in his beard. I could hear him pant with excitement, and his eyes flashed with

dangerous light. He snatched out a revolver, clubbed it and drew back to strike with its heavy butt, and—left his beard in my teeth! It was false.

Sh—whist! The descending revolver cut the air with such a sound. It struck before I had more than a momentary glance at the non-beardless face, and I was conscious only of a sudden, sharp, splitting pain in my skull, and a sensation of everything growing dark. They told me afterwards that he had rushed outdoors after striking me that blow. A policeman trying to stop him had been upset, and the villain had finally disappeared in the crowd. It took me a week to cure my black eyes, and I was lame from that kick in the shins for even longer than that.

During this time my mind had not been idle. I had made up my mind that the man I had encountered was Handsome Charlie, and by a stroke of luck I learned that he had been in the same disguise in a gambling-house. Being in hard luck, he had been cleaned out, and had then attempted to realize on the cuff-buttons. He probably had the watch in his possession still! No better evidence in the world could be wanted. I was soon at work with renewed interest on the problem. None could have recognized me when I stepped off the train at Brewsters, only a few miles from the villain's princely abode.

My face was made up as to seem lined with age. My hair and beard were grey almost to whiteness. I wore an old soft hat, a long coat and pants much the worse for wear. Suspended before me by a strap about my neck I carried a basket, which when the cover was raised disclosed an assortment of tapes and thread, pins and needles. In my hand I carried a stout cane, and when any one was in sight used it and walked with a decided limp. I stopped at the farmhouses along the road, now and then meeting with a customer for my little wares, and what was of more importance, learned as I drew nearer Handsome Charlie's house that he frequently went to New York. Everybody knew him. And I jotted down the name of a man who had seen him return from the city the morning following the murder.

At last I started for Charlie's own place. I passed inside the iron gate and was going slowly along the wide carriageway, arched by trees with dense foliage on either side, when I heard the sound of a horse's feet. It was Handsome Charlie, on horseback. At sight of me he slowed down, and brought his horse to a standstill when we finally met.

"Well, old man, what are you doing in here?" he asked, imperiously.

"Sir," I replied in the cracked voice of old age, "I am an old man, with one leg crippled through rheumatism, trying to make a living. Don't you wish to buy some pins, sir?" and catching a paper of pins by the center, I allowed the folds to unroll. I cannot conceive what there was in my manner or appearance to arouse his suspicions, but something of a certainty caused him to bend on me the sharpest look I ever received from mortal man before. I was so cool and collected beneath his scrutiny that his suspicions were allayed.

"No, we don't want any pins," he said, "and you needn't go to the house, but get out of the grounds as speedily as possible."

"Yes, sir," I humbly replied. "I beg your pardon for entering here, for I did not consider it a trespass. Can you give me the time of day?" This reasonable request he could not refuse without being very mean, and he ungraciously drew out his watch. He glanced at the time, then gave a violent start, cast a swift look of menace towards me, beneath which I was as calm as a summer's night. He hastily covered the watch with his palm, and returned it to his pocket. But I had seen the watch!

"It's two o'clock," he said.

"Thank you!" He walked his horse until he saw me outside the grounds, and then he galloped away towards Brewsters. When he was out of sight, off came the grey hair and beard, inside-out went hat and coat; tossing the basket into a handy place of concealment, I hurried to a nearby farmhouse, and was driven rapidly to Brewsters. I found the constable, got a warrant of arrest from the justice on exhibiting my badge, and then went in quest of my game. I found him on the piazza of the hotel, standing by the rail.

"Be quick as lightning!" I whispered to the constable, handing him the darbies. "I'll grab him, and draw back his arms, and you snap on the bracelets in as big a hurry as possible." Something engrossed his attention, he did not hear our stealthy approach. With a lightning bound I caught his elbows and wrenched him about.

Snap! One wrist was secured, but the constable missed the other. With his face flaming with fury, Handsome Charlie turned like a flash, and swinging the dependent steel handcuff above his head brought it down with a sickening, crashing sound on the constable's head. Then he caught sight of me.

"Where's your pins and needles?" he hissed. He knew me. I knew him, too, and did not care for another hand-to-hand encounter with him, so I stuck out my foot to trip and throw him. I threw him further than I intended, for he pitched over the railing and struck the ground heavily, rendering him unconscious. Stoutly did he deny the crime I charged him with when he was brought to New York and examined. A dozen of his neighbors testified to his good character.

"I defy any man to prove aught against me!" he said.

"I accept the challenge. You are the celebrated English criminal, Handsome Charlie!" He wilted like a leaf touched with boiling water, and never will I forget the look of hate he gave me when I told him the date of his arrival and his subsequent movements. He never made a confession. But we easily proved the crime. The watch and studs were found on him, and the bonds in his house. And further, he was recognized by several persons as having been close at hand, where he could hear and see everything that passed, when the broker received the bonds. And so Handsome Charlie's crime was his first and only crime in this country.

"Son," said pa, "how are the marks on your report card this month?" "Well, they are not as low as the German marks," replied Clarence, as he dropped the card on the table and dashed for the door.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

NEW HIGH-FLYER

A new type of airplane designed to climb an altitude of 50,000 feet, or more than nine miles, is being constructed at McCook Field, Dayton, O., the War Department recently announced. Wings of extraordinary lift and a propeller of unusual diameter are being installed in the new plane to provide increased lifting power in the rarefied upper atmosphere. The wings of wood and fabric, will have an area of 600 square feet. A 400 horse-power engine drives the machine.

BORING ANTS WRECK HOMES IN PASADENA

Pasadena officials will seek government aid in combatting millions of white ants, known as termites, whose inroads on wooden structures here, Walter Putnam, chief building inspector, says, may result in the collapse of many. Other cities in Southern California expect to join in the appeal.

In thirty buildings recently torn down termites had invaded all but two and large foundation beams were found to have been destroyed. A piano fell to the cellar in one of the houses.

MY HORSE AND I

We took a trip the other day,
My horse and I,
Over the hills and far away,
Under the sky.
We traveled through the woods of May,
Where wild birds fly.

We left the city far behind,
My horse and I,
We wandered where the wood paths wind,
And green pines sigh.
The wind of spring was soft and kind,
The warm sun high.

We crossed a brook that rushed along
Where shiners lie,
And paused to hear the cardinal's song
Under the sky,
For friends are we the whole day long,
My horse and I.

AUTOMATIC DEEP SEA CHART

A chart of the bottom of the sea, automatically and continuously drawn during a voyage, is now available to the navy as a result of the work of Lieutenant Leo P. Delsasso, U. S. N. R. Information received from the Navy Department, says Science, tells of elaborate tests of his new automatic depth-sounder conducted on board the U. S. S. Maryland on its trip to Australia.

The apparatus follows previous development in the idea of sending a sound impulse at high speed from a ship to the ocean bottom and calculating by the time of the return echo how deep the water is. Heretofore it has been necessary for an attendant to watch operations and make constant readings and calculation to be sure of safety.

The Delsasso apparatus, employing vacuum-tube amplification along with marking devices,

yields a chart which not only advises the navigator of the depth at a given time, but shows gradients, approach or recedence of shallows, and in general gives warning of anything untoward in the briny depths.

It is hoped that further improvements may enable the apparatus, built in more rugged form, to be placed on the bridge for convenient use of the skipper. Had such a device been available on the United States destroyers the Honda disaster could have been avoided. In this accident several vessels were beached after a blind run through waters whose shallowness would certainly have been reported by the depth-sounder.

Any solid surface of considerable size, directly facing the vessel at right angles to the line of oncoming sound, will report its presence to the depth-sounder. The object does not have to be directly beneath. Thus a whale for a moment might startle a navigator into thinking he was in shallow water. Lieutenant Delsasso unfortunately had no opportunity to use his device in determining the proximity of either whales or icebergs. The latter case particularly calls for further investigation.

MARATHON CALLED UNNATURAL

Long distance running is unnatural for man, it has been decided by some doctors investigating the question, "For what kind of running is man naturally built?" A study of the muscular activities of primitive man has led to this conclusion.

In the primitive state he does not resort to it as a means of protection from wild beasts, which are little likely to attack him unless molested. Nor in his hunting expeditions is he called upon to run long distances, for his method of hunting is essentially that adopted by most carnivora, i.e., by stalking. In short, under natural conditions man rarely, if ever, has occasion to run long distances. When trekking in search of fresh pastures he walks. Short distance running serves most if not all his purposes, as in play and in seeking shelter.

It would thus appear that long distance running is not natural to man, and, such being the case, say the doctors, it is difficult to see what good purpose can be served by it, as regards either health or physique. It is evident that it must put considerable strain on the heart, since the vigorous rhythmic contractions of practically all the voluntary muscles of the body drive the blood into the right cardiac chambers in quantities many times greater than during rest or moderate exercise, and unless the right ventricle is able to deliver its contents into the lungs with sufficient promptitude, dilation of that chamber is apt to ensue.

On the other hand, in games involving intermittent strenuous exercise, such as tennis, the heart is afforded ample opportunity to recover itself after each bout, and this game can be played with impunity for hours together by many people past middle life, provided the heart muscle is healthy and well supplied with blood, and provided also the arterial blood pressure is low.

CURRENT NEWS

PIGEON RACING

Weekly special pigeon trains are provided for bird fanciers throughout the homing season by the London and North Eastern Railway.

One night alone, to give an idea of the interest in this sport in England, seven cars carrying 42,000 birds left King's Cross Station to be liberated the next day at various points, most of them at Selby, Yorks, 180 miles away. Many of the pigeons' owners are workingmen.

BABE RUTH SIGNS \$100,000 CONTRACT FOR VAUDEVILLE

Babe Ruth has broken another record. He has signed a \$100,000 contract for a twelve weeks' tour over Pantages western circuit after the next world series. Pantages' agents here say it is the largest contract of its kind ever signed in vaudeville, as the Bambino will make the tour alone—being his own supporting cast.

The tours open in Minneapolis and will take the home run king to the Pacific coast, returning east before the spring season begins.

ODDEST NEWS OF DAY ON BROADWAY

Arch Selwyn has discovered that he has a double. He received several copies of programs of the English company of "The Ghost Train," touring the provinces, and found the name Archie Selwyn as stage manager and member of the cast.

Inquiry revealed that the English Selwyn is a well-known troupier who has never been to this country. The American Selwyn is associated with A. H. Woods in the New York production here of the melodrama in which his British namesake plays.

A NEW WATERPROOF FABRIC

A new waterproof fabric has been introduced in France and is proving very satisfactory for hospital sheetings, etc., as well as for waterproof garments. Very thin slices of cork are cut from the block by special machinery, according to the "Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry," which describes the special process. These slices are placed in chemical baths to remove the resinous parts which make the cork more or less brittle. After this treatment the cork sheets may be folded or bent without breaking. They are then attached on both sides, to layers of cloth, and the resultant material is not only very light, but porous, thus providing for ventilation. It is said to be desirable in every way as waterproof fabric.

GEORGE V CHANGES CREASE IN TROUSERS TO THE FRONT

King George now wears his trousers creased down the front. For years he had his trousers creased at the side, as was the custom of his father, King Edward.

The King began wearing his trousers pressed

in front during his summer vacation, and there is much speculation whether he is to continue the custom when he returns to Buckingham Palace after his grouse-shooting expedition in Scotland.

King George wore also this summer a jacket which buttons higher, with three buttons in all. The pockets of the new coat were, in the tailor's language, "jetted," having no flaps, the pocket mouth being piped. London tailors are inclined nowadays to give men all the pockets possible for tickets, small change and other needs.

"MIRACLE" TO BE STAGED AS PART OF EXPOSITION

Theatre without stage or curtain—drama without words—opera without lyrics—a blending of the arts in which the audience becomes part and parcel of the production—an emotional experience encountered but once in a lifetime.

Such is "The Miracle," which Morris Gest will bring to the Metropolitan Opera House, for an engagement of five weeks. Mr. Gest is producing "The Miracle" as a contribution of the drama to the most notable period of pageantry, spectacular event and commemorative observance America has ever known, which is embodied in the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition now being held in Philadelphia.

Staged by Max Reinhardt, master craftsman of the theatre, at the Olympia, in London, on Christmas eve, in 1911, this production established a new era in the realm of art and amusement throughout the globe.

Based on a legend of the Upper Rhine, its origin is lost in the nebula of antiquity. The legend has been utilized by scores of poets, dramatists and story-tellers down through the ages. Gottfried Keller's "The Virgin and the Nun," Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" and John Davidson's "A Ballad of a Nun" are recent examples.

The version that forms the play of "The Miracle" was written by Dr. Carl Vollmoeller, after he had gone over the subject in detail with Professor Reinhardt. The magnificent musical score was the last great work of Professor Engelbert Humperdinck, composer of "Hansel and Gretel" and "Die Koenigskinder," two operas of great beauty.

Mr. Gest will present this marvelous music-drama-pantomime and superspectacle at the Metropolitan Opera House with the same scenic setting and with the same cast as in its first presentation in America, at the Century Theatre, New York.

The cast of 700 actors and singers will be headed by Lady Diana Manners, in the role of the Madonna, with Miss Iris Tree and Miss Elinor Patterson alternating as the Nun. The augmented orchestra, of symphonic proportions, will be in charge of Max Reinhardt's own musical director, Einar Nilson, and the choir of 150 of the best voices will be led by Frederick Schirmer, who composed parts of the musical score of "The Miracle," in collaboration with the late Professor Humperdinck.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

YOUR DOG

Whene'er you feel a little blue
And need a happy friend,
Whene'er a fearsome noise or view
Gives warning to defend—
Then call your dog that's ever near:
He'll come with jump or wag,
To help you like the volunteer
Who's struggling for his flag.

His only hopes a meaty bone,
A kindly look or pat;
His bed may be a plank or stone
If there's no sack or mat;
His wants are few; his love is full;
He'd follow you to death;
His teeth are yours to tear or pull
Until his final breath.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY!

"Togo" is an immense black cat without a single white hair to emphasize his black ones. Whether the crossing of one's path by a black cat brings bad luck or not is a debatable question, depending a great deal on the way one is brought up. Being a black cat, however, in the case of Togo, is a decided stroke of good luck, for he is the spoiled head of the household.

There is one chair in the living-room of the Brown home, a cushioned chair, which is Togo's favorite place for an after-dinner nap. This chair is the property of Grandmother Brown, and she, too, likes the chair better than any other in the house. When dinner is over, there is always a race between the two to see who will get the chair first.

The other day Togo entered the room and found Grandmother Brown seated comfortably in the bone of contention. He seemed to debate the matter for a moment, sitting on the floor directly in front of her and regarding her fixedly. He then walked to the door, scratched on it, mewed, and looked around as if expecting her to come and let him out. Grandmother obligingly went to the door, opened it, and looked down unsuspectingly. There was a scurry between her feet that almost tripped her. Looking around, she saw Togo leap into the chair she had left, curl himself up contentedly, and close his eyes, preparatory to taking a much-needed sleep. Grandmother Brown says she is sure there was wicked joy in the one glance Togo gave her before his heavy eyelids drooped.

DEMPSEY WEALTHIEST OF ALL THE FIGHTERS

Jack Dempsey, assured the staggering sum of \$475,000 for engaging Gene Tunney in defense of the world's heavyweight championship at the Sesquicentennial, is the richest of all boxers.

The titleholder already has earned more than \$1,000,000 with his gloved fists, but mismanage-

ment of enterprises in which he was interested cut deeply into his fortune. No matter if he loses his entire pile of money and holdings, he says he never will be an object of a benefit.

This is because he has a \$200,000 trust fund out of which he will receive \$1,000 a month as long as he lives. No matter what happens, the champion cannot touch the \$200,000.

Dempsey is under tremendous expense. It cost him around \$80,000 to live last year. This included an amount used to offset the deficit in operating his hotel at Los Angeles. Also the expense of maintaining homes for his mother and father.

The "Manassa Mauler," since knocking Jess Willard over and winning the title in Toledo, Ohio, July 4, 1919, has engaged in five contests. Including the Willard fight, Dempsey has fought only 40 rounds and has earned \$1,104,000, an average of \$27,600 per round or \$9,200 for every minute in the ring.

The financial statement follows:

Victim	Working Time	Wages
Jess Willard	Four rounds	\$27,500
Billy Miske	Three rounds	62,000
Bill Brennan	Twelve rounds	75,000
Georges Carpentier	Four rounds	300,000
Tommy Gibbons	Fifteen rounds	240,000
Luis Firpo	Two rounds	400,000

CELL MATES, NOT FRIENDS

In the selig zoo, near Lincoln Park, Los Angeles, one cage that attracts more than casual attention is occupied by a lion and a dog. There is a sign on the cage to the effect that these animals are great friends, and that both are inconsolable when they are separated. The dog, now full grown, has been in the lion's cage since puppyhood.

It is difficult to believe in some signs. The writer, who stood before this cage several months ago and read the sign, found it impossible to see any symptoms of the alleged bond of affection existing between the two imprisoned animals.

Two pieces of raw meat were thrown into the cage, a small one, presumably for the dog, and a large one as the "lion's share." The lion promptly gulped down the small offering and then turned his attention to the larger portion, the dog looking hungrily on. Every little while the dog would gather sufficient courage to approach the lion, as if in hopes of securing a morsel of food. And each time he came near, the lion would growl threateningly and raise a paw as if to strike, then the dog would retreat and look longingly between the bars of his prison at the crowds of happy humans and the occasional fortunate dog enjoying the freedom that was also rightly his.

A glance at the numerous scars on his body would lead one to believe that he had learned from bitter experience that those threatening growls and that upraised paw of the lion were not to be ignored. Altogether, he was about the most dejected-looking dog imaginable.

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